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ADVERTISEMENT.

The average edition of *Harper's Weekly*—which is the only newspaper in the country that gives the News, the best Stories, and the finest Illustrations that can be procured—exceeds *Seventy-five Thousand* copies.

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THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA.

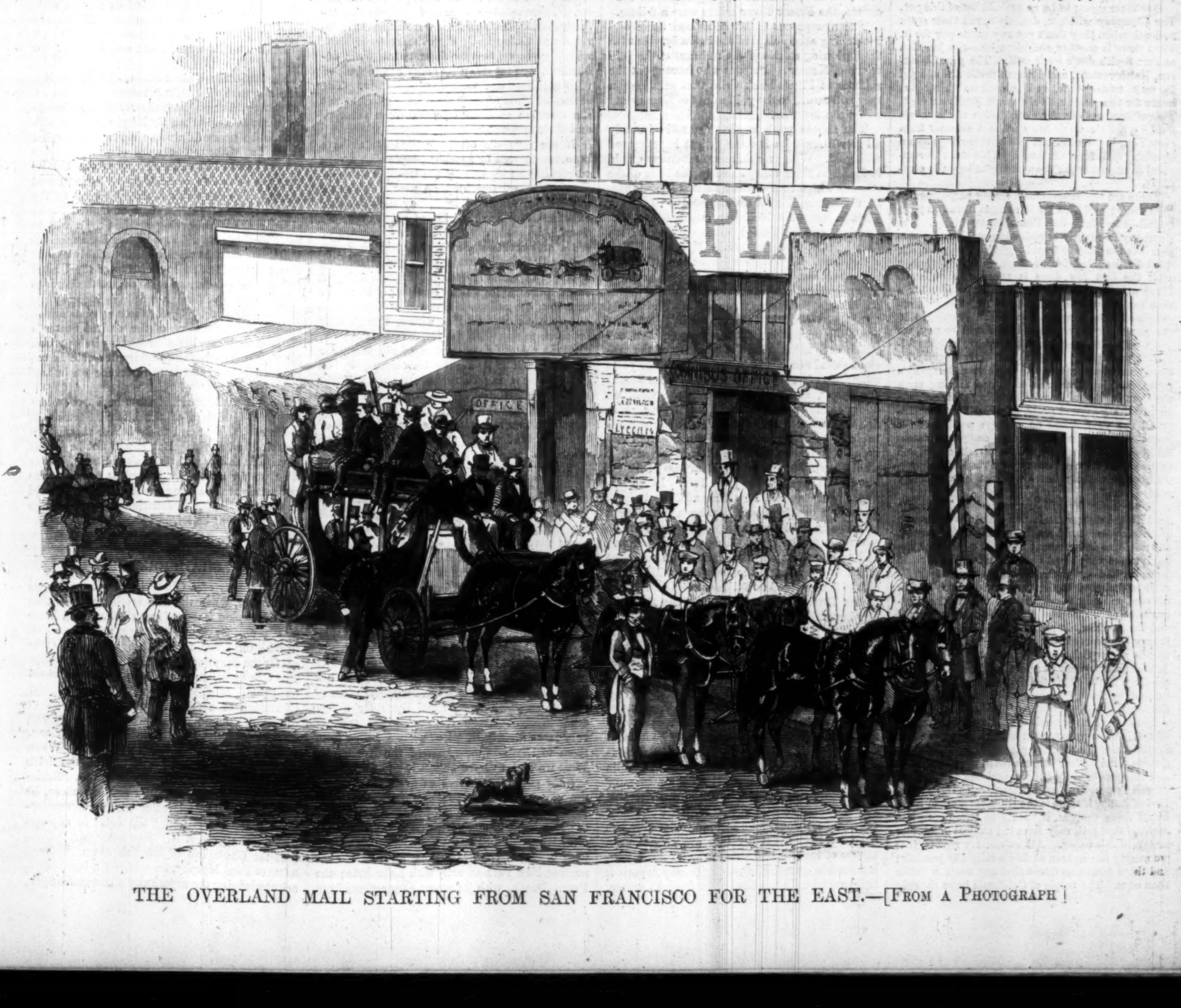
We in New York, who have railroad, steamboat, and telegraphic communication north, south, east, and west, and who have had but recently the belief that our almost daily arrivals of steamers from Europe were to be supplanted in importance by immediate electrical communication with all parts of the Old World, can but faintly estimate the enthusiasm with which the arrival of the first overland mails from St. Louis were received in San Francisco, and indeed throughout all California. The people of California had been accustomed to receive with grateful joy, for years, the semi-monthly mails of the steamers; and when they found that, instead of twice a month, their new mails were to come twice a week—that the great overland mail which had for years been talked about was not a myth, but a decided reality—they evinced an enthusiastic joy which it would hardly have been reasonable to expect of us in New York. They are, as it were, but a colony of the East—just as the London *Times* tried to show we were but colonies of the Old World, and therefore had so much powder to spare on the cable.

But the great overland mail is a fixed fact; and as such, we propose to enlighten some of our readers concerning it. This is necessary, because, in spite of the many scientific publications which have been made with regard to it, many people have no idea whether it goes by the South Pass or not; when the fact is, its most southern point is full six hundred miles below the South Pass. This popular desire for information can only be met—and met properly—by a brief but comprehensive description of the whole route, showing at a glance its advantages and disadvantages, what it is doing, which way it goes, and all about it, in a very few words.

The "Butterfield Overland Mail" was authorized, at a late hour of the session, by the Congress of 1857, which provided for a compensation of six hundred thousand dollars per annum for a term of six years. The route was expressly set forth in the Act to be such "as the contractors may select;" and as Congress could not agree over the matter, it was passed in this shape to the hands of Postmaster-General Aaron V. Brown to award the contract. Messrs. John Butterfield, William B. Dinsmore, William G. Fargo, J. V. P. Gardner, M. L. Kinyon, Alexander Holland, and Hamilton Spencer—most of them well known in New York—were the successful bidders; but, strange to say, instead of being allowed to select their own route, they were compelled to adopt one which made their road a semicircle, and took them nearly four degrees further south than they wished to go, and than there was any need of going—and thereby hangs a tale. The contract was signed on the 16th of September, 1857, and on the 16th of September, 1858, stages started simultaneously from St. Louis to San Francisco, and have continued running ever since semi-weekly, making their passages nearly always inside the contract time, which is twenty-five days between the two points.

The mail is exclusively a letter mail, and the only papers carried are by the courtesy of the Overland Mail Company, which we should have said before is a stock company formed by the contractors, who, being mainly the principal managers of several of our largest express companies, will doubtless soon have an express for light packages running as rapidly as the mail.

The route, starting from St. Louis, is 160 miles on the Pacific Railroad; thence through Western Missouri, a pretty-thickly settled part of the State, to Springfield, in Greene County; thence over the line into Arkansas, touching at Fayetteville, in Washington County, and over the Ozark Mountains to Van Buren, in Walker County, on the Arkansas River, opposite Fort Smith, where it meets the mail from Memphis, Tennessee; and both mails proceed thence on a common line to San Francisco. We have now been traveling 468 miles through a comparatively well-settled country, where the stations are about ten or fifteen miles apart, at farm-houses, and some comfort may be seen. In the depth of winter there may be a little trouble from snow, but very little. At Fort Smith we ford the Arkansas River, and take a short cut through the Choctaw nation reserve, in the Indian Territory. The Indians are very friendly. Crossing the Red River at Colbert's Ferry, the route leads through the almost undiversified prairies of Texas, through Sherman, Gainsville, Phantom Hill, and Fort Belknap, to Fort Chadbourne, on a branch of the Little Colorado, in Texas, a distance of about 487 miles from Fort Smith, with no settlements after leaving Sherman. There is, however, little danger here, as the Indians are seldom troublesome—or, in fact, in the vicinity in any formidable numbers. At Chadbourne the wild part of the route may be said to have commenced; for, after a ride of about eighty miles to the source of the Concho River, another tributary of the Little Colorado, the edge of the great staked plain is reached, where for seventy-five miles there is no water. The Camanche Indians are sometimes troublesome between the Little Colorado and El Paso all along here, but none have disturbed the Mail Company yet. The route



THE OVERLAND MAIL STARTING FROM SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE EAST.—[From a Photograph]

leads up the level banks of the Pecos River, through the rough Guadalupe Pass, and then across rolling table-lands to El Paso, on the Rio Grande; passing on the route the celebrated Corundas Tanks, Hueco Tanks, Sierra Altes mountain, and other objects of note; stations being rather long, as there are no inhabitants but the employés of the Company from Chadbourne to Franklin, a distance of 414 miles—not a house or a settlement—and little else but prairies and jagged mountains, Indians and game. From El Paso, or the American town on this side of the Rio Grande River called Franklin, the route proceeds up the Rio Grande; and, after fording it, through the Messilla valley and the lower part of the new Territory of Arizona; the Gadsden purchase to Tucson, the first settlement of any consequence from El Paso—except, perhaps, Messilla—a distance of 334 miles from that point, over rough hills, mountains, and plains, and through a "Doubtful" Pass. The Apache Indians frequent this locality, but we have not as yet heard of their committing any overt act. From Tucson, through some pretty rough passes, the route leads directly through the Pimas Indian villages on the Gila River; and, after crossing a bend from the Maricopas wells, through a forty-mile desert, strikes the Gila again, and follows it nearly to its junction with the Colorado of the West, which is crossed a short distance below, at Arizona City, which consists of a few mud houses. The most direct route thence is taken to Los Angelos, crossing sixty miles of heavy sandy desert—about thirty miles of which are in Lower California—and entering Upper California by a series of most lovely valleys, whose fertile lands and myriads of cattle astonish the beholder. Los Angelos is celebrated for its delicious fruit—especially grapes, from which the most luscious wines are made. Fort Tejon, in the Sierra Nevada mountains, is but ninety-four miles distant, and lies directly in the route. It is 654 miles from Tucson, a distance which, until the last two hundred miles, has few charms for the botanist, and many for the geologist and mineralogist. From Fort Tejon to San Francisco the route is pretty well settled—a distance of 373 miles. Indeed, when within five or six hundred miles of San Francisco the scenes seem to change as if by magic, and the cheerless deserts and mountain passes are gladly resigned for the green valleys.

Such is the route, at a bird's-eye view. The whole distance to San Francisco is 2729½ miles, which was traveled by the first mail stage-coach, according to the correspondent of the *Herald* (the only passenger), in half an hour less than twenty-four days. The Western mail made the distance in an hour or two less time; but the trips have since been made in shorter time, and there seems to be no doubt in the minds of some that, with the loss of a few horses by overdriving, the distance could be made in twenty days. Should this be done, the West and Northwest might actually have an advantage over New York in the transmission of mail matter to California.

But there seems to be no probability of this yet. The Company will not, doubtless, run their stock to death when they don't get any extra pay for it. Then there is another consideration—the junction at Fort Smith don't work well. The great Western, Northwestern, and Eastern mails are obliged to wait twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-six, hours for the comparatively small Southern mail. This often occasions the anticipation of the whole mail by the steamer's news when a steamer from New York is preceded but two or three days by an overland mail from St. Louis. This must be remedied in some way, as the passengers begin to complain.

There are accommodations for six passengers in each stage; and thus far the stages have run pretty full—those from San Francisco especially. The Company is rapidly establishing stations for eating. As the wagons travel night and day, sleeping must be provided for in them, though generally after the first few days it takes care of itself. Tired nature regulates that matter; and after a man has crossed the plains a few times he gets accustomed to both rough eating and sleeping. If the passenger travel should be found to pay, we may, before long, see a train of spring wagons following each mail. Even at this early day parties have been organized for crossing on the Company's route, carrying their own food, and relying upon the Company's stations for foddering their animals on any thing beyond grass, of which there is plenty all the year round on a large portion of the route. There is no doubt that emigrants across the plains will now have a more certain guide, and that as the whitened bones by the road-side at present disappear, their places will not be completely refilled.

The necessity for military protection of this route through the dangerous Indian countries and rough mountain passes has been thoroughly demonstrated, and needs no indorsement here. But without going into the very broad question whether the route is good or bad—without discussing the point whether it is designed to establish a Southern Pacific railroad on its line—without questioning the purely disinterested motives of the Postmaster-General and the President in placing the line where it is—it may be observed that thorough military protection is as requisite as the mail-bags themselves. It will build up towns along the line, strengthen the force itself, check the Indians more thoroughly, and, in short, be a source of benefit all around the board.

It has been suggested—nay, broadly asserted—that this route never ought to have been run so far south—that it is illegally placed where it is—that a route three or four degrees north would be better and cheaper—and that the experience of scientific, as well as practical, men demonstrates these facts. Undoubtedly, if there is the slightest atom of truth in all these charges, it should be sifted out; and perhaps that task may form the subject of another article in this paper. All we can say now is, that we merely have given as fair a record as possible; and there can be no doubt that any route is better than none. The people of California have thought so for years; and could the enthusiasm which greeted the arrival of the first mails at San Francisco have been witnessed by our apathetic New Yorkers, who lazily read their "five days later news from California, by the overland mail," they would learn to appreciate this truly great enterprise.

Doubtless there will be many travelers over the route from among those who love adventure, and take sufficient interest in the wild beauties of nature to risk a little for the enjoyment of them. To these men this route will afford a rich treat. Almost every foot of it presents some curious feature to the intelligent mind, and the dullest could not pass over it without interest. The grandeur of the mountain scenery, the broad western rivers, the boundless prairies dotted with game, and even the deserts, some of which present the most surprising curiosities in the way of animals and vegetables; the novelty of the mode of travel; the rough Western life, and all the concomitants of a journey like this for over twenty-seven hundred miles across the country, must make it one of unflagging interest to a mind of any activity. It may soon be fashionable, instead of detailing the difficulties of ascending Mont Blanc or the Alps, to relate the experience of riding on the overland mail route. Certainly, to Americans, the one record should be far more interesting than the other.

That the present route will be permanent for some purpose seems evident from the fact that, in addition to the $3,600,000 for the six years' service, the contractors are entitled to locate three hundred and twenty acres of public land, not nearer than ten miles from each other, for the purposes of stations (mineral lands excepted). So, unless Congress changes the route speedily, the contractors will have so established it as to make its removal expensive. As it is, whatever objections to the route can be made, we are glad to see it working so regularly, and to see this first step taken toward a Pacific railroad.

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GOLD DIGGING.

THE latest accounts from Frazer's River are melancholy in the extreme. The miners have generally abandoned their locations, and, in many instances in extreme penury, have betaken themselves to other callings, or have availed themselves of the charity of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and made the best of their way home to California. After waiting all summer for the waters to subside, they discovered, late in the autumn, that the falling of the streams was simultaneous with the formation of ice; and therefore that, so far as wet diggings were concerned, the Frazer River mines were a failure.

The newspapers which contained these disheartening accounts published side by side with them glowing stories of the richness of the gold mines of Kansas. Persons who have spent the summer at Pike's Peak write that next season they will return to the gold mines of Kansas and will make fortunes.

The simple truth is, that the soil of nearly all North America is more or less impregnated with gold. Wherever there are mountains, gold is found in their valleys and in the beds of the streams which course down their sides. There is, for instance, gold in abundance in Lower Canada, near the boundary line between that Province and the United States. Gold has been found in large quantities in Maine and New Hampshire. In Virginia one or two gold-mining enterprises are being actively prosecuted. The two Carolinas contain gold mines of decided value. In Georgia one of the finest gold mines in the world is being worked—whether profitably or not is another question, and one which does not involve the quantity of the precious metal contained in the mine. For years quantities of gold have been dug in these Southern States, and sent to the mints. Gold we know exists in Tennessee, though perhaps in small quantities; it has been dug from the earth in Iowa and Wisconsin. In Arizona and Sonora it is known to abound. In Mexico, it would have been a principal article of export but for the greater plenty of silver. In Nicaragua, Honduras, and New Granada, the Indians have for a couple of centuries been in the habit of bringing gold dust down to the sea-shore to exchange for knives, looking-glasses, buttons, and rum. All along the Californian coast the metal is abundant; the best authorities state that it is equally plentiful in Oregon and Washington Territory. The Indians of the Hudson's Bay have been, for a hundred years, in the habit of getting it out of the beds of streams and carrying it to the factors' depôts. In a word, there is hardly a spot on this continent, with the exception of level plains, far from mountain ranges, which does not contain gold.

It by no means follows that the precious metal can every where be extracted with a fair profit to the miner. So far as the experience of miners teaches, wet diggings can never be permanently profitable. In California and Australia large sums have been made by the owners of lucky placers in the bed of auriferous streams. But for every successful digger in a wet placer twenty equally energetic and industrious diggers have starved. Wet diggings are altogether a matter of luck. The stream carries down with it a certain quantity of gold. It may deposit it here, or there—a hundred miles from its source, or five hundred, or only a hundred yards. All is chance. The miner who chances to light upon gold-bearing sand may make $10,000 or $10 out of his location; he has no guide, no principle, no criterion. All is pure luck. It is much the same with dry diggings, though they have proved very profitable in Australia. They are, it need hardly be said, the beds of streams of which the sources have dried up. They have, over wet diggings, the advantage of being more healthy to work; but in respect of yield they stand on the same footing. The gold may have been deposited by the current here, there, or any where; by the grain, by the ounce, by the pound, or by the hundred weight. There is no test but actual exploration with pick and rocker.

The only gold mines which can be safely relied upon are quartz veins containing the precious metal imbedded in the quartz. These are, it need hardly be observed, gold deposits of an earlier date than the wet or dry diggings. The gold found in quartz was ejected from its cradle when that quartz was in a liquid or incandescent state. And according to the age of the quartz is the quantity of the gold contained in it. Geologists can calculate to a nicety how much gold will be found in a quartz vein, simply by the appearance of the quartz. Such gold mines are more difficult to work than plain sand diggings. The quartz must be crushed, and the metal extracted with quicksilver. Care must be taken to lose none of it. The quartz must be crushed fine enough, or some of the gold will remain attached to the stone; it must not be crushed too fine, or the gold particles will escape with the stream of water running through the crusher. This, as can readily be imagined, is a less tempting system of mining than plain diggings; but gold seekers may rest assured that it is the only system which will secure permanent and reliable returns for the outlay incurred.

THE FUTURE OF RAILWAY PROPERTY.

THE winter which is just beginning is going to put to the test the theories which were first advanced in the United States about eighteen months ago with regard to the principle of the American railway system. It was in the spring of 1857 that certain daring economists first adventured the opinion that there were two kinds of railways—roads built to make money by carrying passengers and freight, and roads built to develop new territory: and that whereas most of the countries of Europe had studiously adhered to the former class, the United States railways belonged, for the most part, to the latter. These opinions were new, and were warmly combated; their authors were alternately derided and denounced; even the crisis of 1857, which appeared to bear them out in their deductions, was set down by many as the fruit of their nefarious and incendiary agitation. The season which is already upon us is going to test the question at issue between these theorists and their opponents.

If the railroads of the United States have been constructed by sensible people with a view of earning an income by the transportation of passengers and freight, then they will, during the coming winter at least, pay their working expenses, and leave a trifle of profit over; for though the season is dull, it is not a season of crisis and revulsion; and evidently an enterprise which can not make money except during a period of excitement and expansion, is not based on sound lucrative principles. If, on the contrary, the railroads of the United States do not earn an income this winter, though they continue to stimulate the improvement of new, and the scientific cultivation of old land, the inference will be strong that they were built less as money-making enterprises than as instruments of territorial and agricultural development, and that the return to be expected from them is rather indirect, through the medium of enhanced land values, than direct in the shape of dividends.

The question can only be answered next spring. Thus far, it is clear that the business of the leading roads tends to show that they will not earn any income this winter. There are exceptions, of course. The New Jersey roads were built on the principle which obtains in Continental Europe; in consideration of a heavy tax paid by them to the State, they were secured against competition. Other lines, here and there, enjoy like advantages. The New Haven and Hartford road enjoys a monopoly of a large amount of paying traffic. Topographical accidents secure the Cleveland, Painesville, and Ashtabula road against competition, while it is an essential link in the railway chain between the East and the West. Similar circumstances establish exceptional cases for a few other roads. These companies are earning very large dividends. But when we turn from them to the leading roads of the North and West we find a very different state of things.

Four great lines serve as arteries in which the blood of commerce flows from the great Western country to the sea-board. These are: the New York Central, with its allies, the Hudson River road and boats, connecting New York with Buffalo; the New York and Erie, connecting New York directly with Lake Erie; the Pennsylvania, with its recent connections from Pittsburgh to Fort Wayne and Chicago, connecting the last-mentioned point with Philadelphia; and the Baltimore and Ohio, connecting Baltimore with Cincinnati, and thence with St. Louis and the Mississippi. Among the roads of the Far West, the most important are the Galena and Chicago and the Chicago and Rock Island, both of which serve to bring the produce of the extreme Western country to that great central dépôt—the future metropolis of the Lake country—CHICAGO.

Thus far, as we have said, the earnings of all these leading roads fall far short of what they used to be, and are in many instances actually below the necessary expenses of the roads. Many explanations of the phenomenon have been adventured. It has been said that the decline in railroad receipts has been caused by the poor quality of the late crops. Imputations have been cast on the wisdom of the policy pursued by individual managers. Accidental mishaps have been made to bear a share of responsibility for the untoward decline. But we apprehend that none of these causes will suffice to explain the unproductiveness of these leading railroad lines, if it should prove next spring that they have earned no income for six months. If, next April, it should appear that the Illinois lines have earned, during the winter, only half what they used to earn, and the four great roads to the sea-board only two-thirds of their usual receipts, the inquirer will need to look beyond temporary causes to find the true secret of the event.

And if he should find that while, in proportion to the growth of the country, railroads have been unduly multiplied, and the business of one good road parceled out among three or four; if figures should convince him that the aggregate traffic of each particular locality has gone on steadily increasing from year to year, though the share of each carrier has naturally diminished in proportion to the number of rival enterprises established to divide it with him; he will necessarily conclude that the ruling principle of our railway system has been the sacrifice of the railway enterprises for the sake of the country they developed. He will decide that railways, like some other instruments of enlightenment, benefit the country where they are built by consuming their own vitals.

THE MORTARA CASE.

SECRETARY CASS has replied to the appeal of the Jews respecting the Mortara case, by stating that, the boy being a foreigner, and the offense having been committed on foreign soil, this Government can not interfere. If his reply were as perfect in a grammatical as it is in a political sense, it would leave nothing to be desired.

No doubt the United States can not undertake a system of knight-errantry on behalf of the oppressed throughout the world. This country, through a mistaken timidity, allows its citizens to be pressed into the service of foreign potentates without one word of protest. Not a year passes but some citizen of the United States is seized in some German country and compelled to serve for a stated period in the armies of its prince. Scores of United States citizens are now serving against their will in the Prussian army. Appeal has been made to Mr. Cass, but that official has invariably replied that a naturalization as a citizen of the United States does not operate to discharge the burdens which natives of foreign countries incur by the fact of their birth. Under these circumstances, when the Government of the United States is confessedly incapable of protecting its own citizens against outrage and injury, it would be unreasonable to expect it to intervene on behalf of a foreign Jew.

The day will come, it must be hoped, when the title of citizen of the United States will operate as a safeguard to its bearer throughout the civilized world. But it will not be in our day. Much less will the United States, in our time, so far as can be judged at present, take any manly stand among the nations of the world in favor of liberty of conscience, or the rights of independent belief.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE theory of a Champion, in the old ages of chivalry, when the title originated, was that the Champion was ready at all times and in all places, on foot or on horseback, with the sword or with the lance, to do battle against all comers for the cause of which he was the Champion. The Champion at a coronation defied the world on behalf of the newly-crowned king; the Champion of a fair lady offered to combat to the death all and several who denied that she was the "loveliest and virtuousest" of her sex. Has the word changed its meaning? When that lovely product of civilization, the Irish Champion of American pugilism, Mr. Morrissey, declared that he would fight no more, he accompanied the declaration with the announcement that he resigned "the belt" to any one who chose to claim it. But when Mr. Staunton, the Champion of English chess, declined to meet Paul Morphy, he said not a word about acknowledging the superiority of his challenger.

and his friend and patron, Lord Lyttelton, the President of the British Chess Association, while admitting that, in his opinion, Mr. Staunton should have met Mr. Morphy, still declares that the Englishman was, under the circumstances, justified in declining the contest.

It would seem to follow that Mr. Staunton has resigned, in effect if not in words, the title of Champion. Perhaps he sets as little value on the title as Mr. Morrissey. But he would have done himself more credit than falls to his lot at present had he accompanied his refusal to play with Morphy with a manly acknowledgment that the championship of Chess, which had so long been credited to him, now devolved on his young and spirited antagonist.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FIRST SNOW.

How softly it fell all day long! There was no wind to whirl it into drifts, and the lovely, complex, glittering weaving of that pure winter garment of the world went on in almost a warm silence. The fields, brown since October, lay gradually sheeted in brightness. The trees, griding and bare since the early November gusts, were robed cunningly and closely all over; feathery tuft and drooping spray standing quietly, as if they enjoyed it—somehow with an air of meekness, like cattle in a summer shower. The brook, not frozen yet, gurgled and grew black in the face as it eagerly swallowed the thick-falling morsels. The silent, splendid storm descended visibly pure and efficient, like the spirit that makes the crooked paths straight and the rough places even.

The Lounger's readers remember that he lately praised Ralph Hoyt's poems. Will they read these stanzas from his "Snow," and say with how much justice he was praised?

* * * * * * *

"'Tis winter, yet there is no sound,
Along the air,
Of winds upon their battle-ground;
But gently there,
The snow is falling—all around
How fair—how fair!

"The jocund fields would masquerade;
Fantastic scene!
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
Have cast their green,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

"E'en the old posts that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars
And age sedate,
High-capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

* * * * * * *

"The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan:
Like Memnon's music of old time—
That voice of stone!
So marbled they, and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

* * * * * * *

"To delve his threshing John must hie:
His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy;
How wades he through!
While dainty milk-maids, slow and shy,
His track pursue.

"Each to the hour's allotted care:
To shell the corn;
The broken harness to repair;
The sleigh t' adorn:
So cheerful, tranquil, snowy, fair,
The winter morn."

What simple Dutch fidelity, and a pure objectivity, which is very unusual in our modern poetry.

ROBERT OWEN.

ROBERT OWEN lately died, nearly ninety years old. He wished well to men, but did not know how to bring his wishes into works. He spent a great deal of money, tried a great many experiments, and failed in almost every thing he undertook. His benevolence and his practicality were very unequally matched. He saw the great gulf of social misery. His philanthropic enthusiasm proposed to bridge it, his benevolence cut down for that purpose all the timber it could find, and when it had laid out money, and time, and labor, the cool engineer, Experience, came by, and told him his bridge would fall short. The old man would never believe it. He disbelieved it for eighty-eight years, and died, thinking his bridge was just on the eve of completion.

The Lounger remembers a very characteristic illustration of this indomitable faith, or utter and ludicrous credulity, of Robert Owen. When he was last in this country he was sitting one evening in a circle of philosophers and poets, to whom he was telling the story of his life—his many interviews with famous people, and his general success, as he considered it. "I assure you," said he, warmly—his pleasant, hale, old face flushing with light as he spoke—"I assure you Prince Metternich himself has spoken to me very favorably of my projects."

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Owen—that is interesting! and, pray, upon what occasion?"

"Why, when I was in Vienna, many years ago, I succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Prince, who received me very graciously. For full fifteen minutes I unfolded to him my schemes. He listened with profound interest and attention. Then he rose, and, looking at the clock in the room, said, 'You must now excuse me, Mr. Owen—but—' and the great statesman said it with a very marked emphasis—'*but your suggestions are well worthy attention. Good-morning, Mr. Owen!*' Oh, yes, Prince Metternich was a practical man, and he granted that my plans were valuable!"

Robert Owen lived to be an old, old man; but he had a boy's enthusiasm, and was of singularly guileless character. He spent a large fortune in his enterprises, and it is a question (is it?) whether he did not live as honorably and usefully for mankind, by spending his money in trying to help them, as he would had he amassed fabulous wealth by successfully helping himself.

SONNET BY MRS. KEMBLE.

IN the new volume by Mrs. Kemble, just about to appear from the press of Ticknor & Fields, the reader will find two or three poems which he will recognize as having first read in these columns of the Lounger. "Morning by the Sea-side" was one of them. But this striking sonnet is new and beautiful:

WINTER.

I saw him on his throne far in the north,
Him we call Winter—picturing him ever,
An aged carl, whose frame, with palsied shiver,
Bows o'er the fiery element his foe:
But him I saw was a stern god, whose brow
Was crowned with jagged icicles, and forth
From his keen sapphire eyes there shone a light,
Broad, glaring, pitilessly cold and bright.
His breath like silver arrows pierced the air,
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet,
His finger on all flowing waters sweet
Forbidding lay—motion nor sound was there:—
Nature was frozen dead—and, still and slow,
A winding-sheet fell o'er her body fair,
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of snow.

IMPUDENCE.

OUR Hebrew fellow-citizens are holding meetings all over the country to express themselves upon the Mortara outrage in Italy. And certainly there has been nothing so conspicuously impudent lately come to light in public affairs. The facts of the case are familiar enough; but there is something supremely ludicrous in it, if it were not such a pitiful outrage.

That in this age of the world—the fourth century after Luther, any Church should claim the right of physical appropriation of any body whatsoever is absurd; but that the kind of process through which the boy Mortara was passed should be the serious ground taken by that estimable but weak old gentleman Pio Nino, for body snatching, is positively sublime in its impudence.

What a pity it had not been an English or American boy, that there might have been a verification of titles!

Only, in that case, the boy, although sprinkled by ten thousand nursery maids, would never have been touched!

A WORD UPON LONGFELLOW.

THE Lounger's correspondent, F. G., has his own impression of the poet, and states it so as to be sure to interest our readers, although they will not confess the justice of all the criticisms.

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"We may consider Longfellow also a Biglow, but differently—rather the Yankee of his whole nation—though he is, really, a cosmopolitan. Priscilla is the mother of the Huldys and Mauds of New England, howbeit these daughters are mother to the woman. I am sorry the country is so divided on its national poet. His friends claim too much; Longfellow is certainly not a great poet. But he is a poet *distinct*, which his detractors are loth to admit. There is but one Longfellow in poetry—known wherever he is seen, not by formal introduction, but by the peculiarity of his mind. The *stride* is every where apparent; for, of all the poets, Longfellow is, pre-eminently, the poet of motion—the Pegasus of poetry, generally galloping, sometimes—as in the (misnamed) 'Arsenal at Springfield'—moving with a grand martial tread, or (in the 'Occultation of Orion') with the stride of a denizen of the universe. Note the activity in his poem on the Iron Duke. You feel the very air, and almost literally 'see the French war-steamers *speeding* over.' Even in his quiet and didactic subjects this principle is evident. The popularity of the 'Psalm of Life' is owing to its river-like movement. So with his hearthside odes, familiar as household words. It is this current that carries you through 'Hiawatha,' this principle that adopts the hexameter in 'Miles Standish' and 'Evangeline,' no other poet feeling the need of this measure.

"Mr. Longfellow's love of the antique is seen in his treatment of old cities, whence he gathers many a choice relic, and spreads over the ruins a dim cathedral light. But it is with the busy air of a traveler—as, particularly, in his best poem of this class, 'Nuremburg.' The old city is alive with 'toil and traffic;' but more active through the impetus of the verse imparted by the poet. In this respect Longfellow is related to Macaulay. Each stands on a high plane of activity. It is his forte. He has little art. In America the artist is yet to appear among the poets. As Mr. Bryant relies on the burnisher to give brilliance to his thoughts, so Longfellow trusts to his speed for popularity."

F. G. finds fault with his similes, too carefully studied and nicely adjusted; too merely ornamental, and bluntly introduced. He quarrels a little with Miles Standish, but concludes:

"Mr. Longfellow has hits in almost every vein—perfect stanzas—leaping down to you like a brook, whose cadence is never forgotten: and yet he is not distinguished for music, emitting sound rather, which is varied, according to the character of his movement. You hear the clank of the knight's armor, not the guitar of the troubadour.
F. G."

IMPORTANT QUERY.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—It is too dreadful to believe—but I am haunted by a conviction which I must confide to your sympathetic bosom. The very thought of some things is overwhelming. My aunt, Maria, when she was forty-three, used to say that the idea of any gentleman's 'making proposals' for her hand was almost too much for her. Poor lady! it was undoubtedly so. A kind Providence prevented her succumbing to any such proposition, by causing it to be withheld.

"But this thought of mine is not of the same kind. It is a kind of impression based upon experience. In one word, dear Sir—to make an effort—is there, *can* there be such a monster as—my pen refuses its office, and I must therefore whisper the word—A FEMALE HOG?

"Now, Sir, strike but hear.

"One day last week I was going to Boston, and stopped, as usual, at Springfield, to dinner. Before leaving my seat I very carefully spread my traveling shawl so that it must necessarily be seen; and, sure of having secured my place, went calmly to consume the mid-day prog. Just before the train started I returned and entered the car, which I had carefully noted. I went to my seat, and found it occupied by two—beings in bonnets. Unable to believe my eyes, I bowed, and said, meekly—seeing my garment upon the back of the seat—

"'Does that shawl belong to either of you, *ladies?*'

"'No!' crisp, and with a wag of the head.

"I pulled it off the seat and laid it over my arm, looking at the—beings for some kind of human recognition that they knew they were taking my seat, and that they were sorry to incommode me.

"Not a sign of any such consciousness!

"It is too dreadful for belief! But I repeat, and through you, Sir, I ask those bonneted beings—is there such a monster as a female of the Hog family?

"And, if so, does it not surpass the wildest imagination that there should be two in the same car and upon the same seat? Yours respectfully,
"JAMES OLDSCHOOL."

—The Lounger does not venture a reply.

DARBY, DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Lounger presents his compliments to his correspondent in the above town, and desires to say to him that, while he is willing to publish, *as a communication*, any thing that seems to him a fair criticism of any topic of interest, he can not allow it to appear as his own—because it is not. The Lounger has an implied contract with his readers, that when he seems to speak he really is speaking, and not somebody else in a mask of him; and he is sure that his correspondent, and all others who ask the same thing, will understand that honesty would permit no other course.

MADAME MARIO.

THIS lady, who has just come from Italy, and has begun her lectures, brings, we understand, the most earnest letters from the best kind of people in Italy—the Brownings and others.

She proposes to lecture upon the present condition of Italy, and to tell us a few secrets of the Government and spirit that are now paramount there. Kossuth, in a private letter, speaks of her eloquence in description as remarkable—as beyond that of all the other orators. And coming as she does just after the Mortara business, which has renewed the public interest in that fearful system of iniquity which, under various names, controls affairs in Italy, she can hardly fail to excite attention and interest by her discourses. It ought to be impossible that she should have other than a generous reception in the metropolis of a free country—a country which so fully and generally enjoys that liberty for which enthusiastic and historic Italy forever sighs.

Madame Mario's opening discourse deeply interested the audience in her story and herself.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—THE Lounger has another account of *Caissa*, which he will find room for next week.

"FRIEND LOUNGER,—Having seen in the columns of thy paper a notice of the School of Design in Peter Cooper's Institute, and having two young friends who would like to obtain admittance there, but knew not whom to apply to, I thought thee would have the kindness to inform us as to the name and address of the principal of the establishment; and perhaps thee would know how long it would be necessary for a pupil to remain there in order to become a proficient in the art; or what sum would be required to defray the expenses of tuition.

"Will thee answer this through thy paper soon as convenient. RUTH.

"*November*, 1858."

—Pupils who mean to devote themselves to drawing and painting as a professional support are taught at the rate of five dollars a quarter for drawing, and ten dollars for painting. Amateur scholars are received at ten dollars for drawing, and fifteen dollars for painting. Mr. T. Addison Richards is the principal, and the person to address. "How long for proficiency?" How long would it take a man of no talent to learn to paint like Titian? The talent and resolution of the pupil must answer that question.

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—A friend and myself have had a dispute about the relative signification of the words 'honor' and 'honesty;' and probably your Lounger can inform me whether a dishonorable man can be honest, or *vice versa;* or whether one can exist in the individual without the other. Respectfully,
"J. B. B., JUN."

—Honesty is rather a term applied to conduct, and honor to sentiment, when we compare them in this way. Roget gives them as of similar force. The word honor has also a derived, factitious meaning when applied to reputation. It is really the homage paid to worth; but it is perverted to mean a regard to conventional ideas of worth. Thus "a man of honor" according to "the code" might kill his best friend in a duel if he touched his nose, and yet keep all the Commandments. The word honor is clouded by the ideas of a feudal and ignorant and semi-savage civilization. The word honesty is uncompromising, and clearly means but one thing. An honest man can not be dishonorable, nor a truly honorable man—or one who is loyal to moral rectitude—dishonest. But "a man of honor," in the technical sense, can very easily be a dishonest man. Among this latter class honor is a name and an appearance, not a reality. Aaron Burr was a man of honor, but he could hardly be called an honorable man.

—RUSTIC HOOPS, of Philadelphia, begs the Lounger to use "his eloquent pen, and ask the assistance of other eloquent pens, to help persuade the ladies not to regard the repudiation of hoops by crowned heads." But does R. H. suppose that there is any woman in Philadelphia or New York who would wear hoops with satisfaction a moment after hearing that Eugénie had restored the style of Josephine?

—JNO. TURNER, D'Harris, Medina County, Texas, denies the truth of the snake story told by Mr. Domeneck in the *Weekly* of June 12. It seems to be a case of Toots.

—Hear the melancholy voice of "THOMAS JONES."

"DISMAL SWAMP, *November*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I write to impart to you, not 'the sorrows of Werter,' but what are more dreadful, the sorrows of a man who, until a short year ago, was a gay bachelor.

"If I am ill-natured or peevish in the observations I may make you will very readily excuse me when I state that for the last three nights I have not 'slept a wink,' as the saying is. Do not think, now, that I am a man of bad habits, and have been 'enjoying myself.' Far from it, Mr. Lounger, I assure you. My wife has recently presented me with a son and heir. I was ejected from my quarters without any ceremony, and when I suggested that I was in the habit of taking a nap at night, and wished to know when I could accommodate myself, I was told I might sleep on the floor if I had the heart to sleep under existing circumstances—that I was a brute to think of sleep at all, that I had not the natural *στοργη* that Blackstone so feelingly mentions—that, in fact, I had no right to do any thing but feel miserable. For some time I was not allowed to see either the mother or the child. The brat's aunts and grandparents expect too much of me. They would not let me touch the bundle of long-clothes I saw lying in the cradle, and yet, because I did not fondle it and love it, they said I had no feeling. They expect a case of love at first sight, and very consistently refuse a sight.

"I have some consolation, however, in thinking, privately, and *very privately indeed*, that the baby is a *sight*, sure enough. I made one very humble inquiry, but met with such a rebuff that I have given up in despair. I merely wished, as was perfectly natural in me, I think, to know to what sex my offspring belonged, so I asked, 'What is the thing?' 'Thing! Do you call John Alexander a thing?' was the only and indignant response of the insulted grandmother. I assure you, Mr. Lounger, at that instant I felt smaller than my offspring."

At this point Thomas Jones wanders, as may be supposed, but presently regains coherency:

"I am a stranger in my own house. I can call no place my own. Every spot is appropriated. 'Dewee's Mixture,' 'Osborne's Syrup,' and 'M'Lane's Vermifuge' meet my gaze in every direction. I never could bear a night lamp. It is associated with sickness and death. Now one burns in my chamber every night. The world will never be 'left to darkness and to me' again. I can not see the propriety of it either, for thus far my boy's deeds are not so *very* good as to warrant him in being so fond of the light.

* * * * * *

"I would not grumble so much if I could be any assistance when I got up in the night. I can do very little good, however, as there are a great many little matters wherein I can not serve my boy (but, being a bachelor, you can not understand this)."

Jones finally proposes to engage the Lounger to plead with his Mrs. Jones, and all other Mrs. Joneses, that they shall put their babies out to nurse.

"I appeal to you by all the ties that bound us when brother bachelors to come forward and rescue me. I know that in the kindness of your heart you will not refuse, and with the weight of your influence I do not fear failure. Very respectfully,
"THOMAS JONES."

Has Thomas reflected that, according to his own statement, he is inviting a *bachelor* to exhort the Mrs. Joneses to put out their infants? Why, Thomas, the Lounger would be covered with obloquy should he attempt it. Fancy Mrs. Jones demanding of him—"And pray, Sir, what on earth do *you* know about it?" Mr. Jones, having ceased to be a bachelor, has a right to speak.

—In his last volume Longfellow has a poem upon Newport. "Narraganset" sends the Lounger another, not stating whether the other poet assisted in the composition.

TO NEWPORT.

I love this good old sea-port town,
That so close by the ocean lays;
This dear old town, of fair renown,
Where I spent my boyish days.

I love its quaint old-fashioned streets,
And the old New England faces:
The beauty and virtue one meets
Speak of the Puritan races.

Here a Berkley used to dwell—
From that rock, with paper and pen
(So tradition loves to tell),
He wrote for the good of men.

In the smoke of contention was lost,
Of Charles the Second, the charter;
And the island's peace it almost cost
For Freedom's, the royal to barter.

But still, high on old Trinity's steeple,
On the topmost part of the vane,
A crown looks down on Columbia's people,
Where in peace 'twill ever remain.

The old mill, it stands on the hill
Where at ball we used to play
Till the song of the whip-poor-will
Hurried us in fear away.

For at midnight when the waves are high,
And storm and mist her ghost may hide,
Like a fleck of moonlight flitting by,
"Is seen"—the shadow of the Northman's bride.

And the hollow tramp is heard of him
Who o'er the wave was borne,
And once was seen, through the mist so dim,
With all his armor on.

But best of all thy charms, oh town!
To the stranger and to thee,
Is the balmy breath that comes down
From the great stream in the sea.

Your lanes, glens, and beaches so fair,
The crackling plash of the wave on the sand,
The spouting horn, when the sea breaks there,
Proclaims thee, Acquidneck, the beautiful land.
NARRAGANSET.

VIEWS IN JAPAN.

WE give herewith four pictures of Japan, from sketches made by officers attached to the embassies which have just succeeded in making their way into that empire.

One of our engravings gives a very fair view of the city of Jeddo, the capital. Some travelers who have recently visited Jeddo describe it as the finest city in that part of the world. Every nobleman and prince lives in a palace, and though the architecture of the palaces is subject to certain uniform laws, some of them are of such size that ten thousand retainers of the lord and master are sheltered under the same roof. They must be such edifices as the Roman nobles of the Imperial *régime* used to inhabit with their thousands of slaves. The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the city:

"The town stretches for miles round the bay. I suppose it is the largest in the world, for it covers more ground than London, with between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of people, which, if I recollect right, is more than the London population. Jeddo, without exception, is one of the finest cities in the world; streets broad and good, and the Castle, which includes nearly the whole centre of the town, built on a slight eminence. There are three walls or inclosures round this quarter. Within the inner the Tycoon Emperor and heir-apparent live. The houses are built in regular order, forming wide streets some forty yards broad, kept in perfect order; an immense court-yard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each inclosure, in the midst of which is the house of the owner; the houses containing the followers, servants, stables, etc., form this large inclosure. They are built of one uniform shape. The gateways leading to the court-yard are exceedingly handsome, of massive wood-work, ornamented with lacquer and other devices. From the road that leads by the moat to the second wall is one of the finest views I ever recollect seeing—on one side of the Gulf of Jeddo, with the high hills rising beyond, while on the other is a portion of the great city of Jeddo, with its trees and gardens, picturesque temples, and densely crowded streets, extending as far as the eye can reach toward the interior; then there is a view of the trees and green fields in the distance, far away beyond a thickly-built suburb; but the most striking view of all is that close by—the well-kept green banks of the second defense, rising some seventy feet from the broad moat below, with grand old cedars, over a hundred years of age, growing from its sides. The fine timber, the lay of the ground, the water-lilies in the moat, the grandeur, good order, and completeness of every thing, equal, and in some ways far surpass, any thing I have ever seen in Europe or any part of the world. We made an expedition into the country. The cottages were surrounded with neatly-clipped hedges; the private residences as well railed and kept as any place in England. The same completeness and finish exist in every thing."

A JAPANESE NOBLEMAN GOING A HUNTING.

Another of our engravings represents the Royal Palace or Castle at Jeddo. This building, or rather row of buildings, has been greatly admired by the visitors. A correspondent writes:

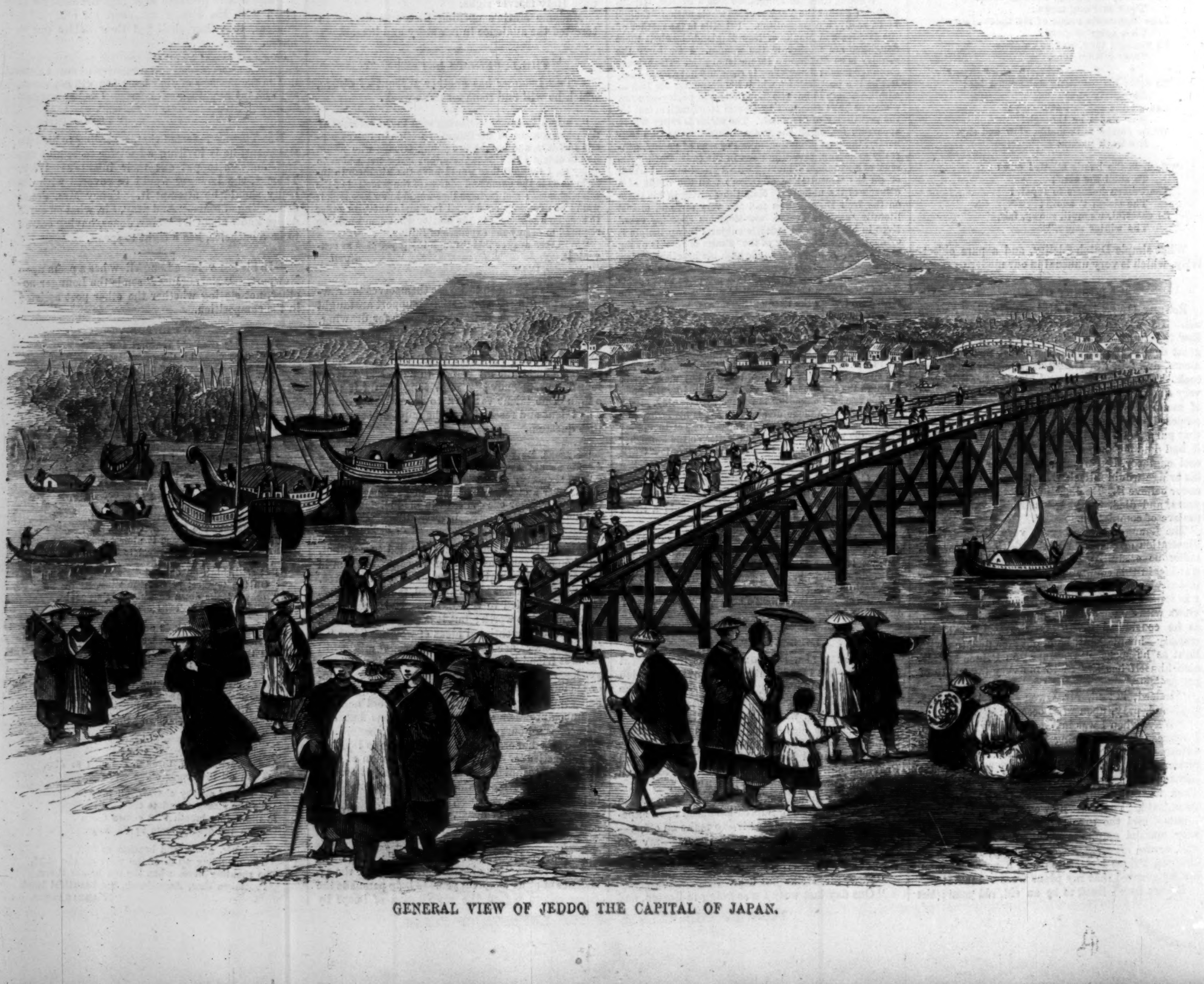
"The aristocratic quarter of Jeddo is wide and somewhat dreary, containing the residences of 360 hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half a dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in the same mansions 10,000 retainers. Passing through the spacious and silent street, we arrive at the outer moat of the King's Palace; crossing it, we are still in the Princes' Quarter, but are astonished as we reach its further limit at the scene which now bursts upon us—a magnificent moat, seventy or eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which runs a massive wall composed of stones, Cyclopean in their dimensions. This is crowned, in its turn, by a lofty palisade. Towering above all the spreading arms of giant cedars proudly display themselves, and denote that within the Imperial precincts the picturesque is not forgotten. From the highest point of the fortifications, in rear of the palace, a panoramic view is obtained of the vast city with its two million and a half inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The palace alone is computed to be capable of containing 40,000 souls."

Of the Emperor himself, Mr. Harris, the United States Consul to Japan, gave the following information to a countryman:

"The Emperor is, as you may suppose, very rich, and yet I am positive that his table and clothing do not cost him $500 a year. Why that sum would not more than pay for the gloves of a Broadway dandy with us! You have doubtless seen the thick, soft matting with which the floors of their houses are covered? Well, the floors of the palace are covered in the same way, and this matting serves as the Emperor's bed, as well as that of the poorest house serves as the bed of the poorest subject. He stretches himself out, with a wooden pillow under his head, and sleeps a sleep rarely granted to his brother monarchs. To see a Japanese thus sleeping, with his head abruptly raised five or six inches, you would predict a stiff neck or future spinal affection as a general result; and yet there is not a more healthy people living.

"'What does the Emperor look like?' one of us asked.

"'Quite a fine looking man, with a soft voice and pleasant smile. I suppose he is some thirty-five years old. In fact, I *know* he is, for, as it is considered polite in Japan to ask one his age and how many children he has, I was, of course, polite. Poor fellow! He has what one of us would consider a miserable life. He does not leave the palace but once in two years; and then as he passes through the town, every one must leave the streets and close the doors and windows of their houses. Their custom does not allow them even to look at him. This is the temporal Emperor at Yeddo, of whom I now speak; the case of the spiritual Emperor at Miaco is even worse; *for he*



GENERAL VIEW OF JEDDO, THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

never leaves his palace. He is venerated so much that they can not even *run the risk* of his being looked upon by the crowd.'"

Our other engravings will give some idea of social life at Japan. One of them, from a Japanese sketch, represents a nobleman and his suite going a hunting. Apropos of this picture, and of the Japanese dogs, a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes:

"You would have laughed had you seen the expression of Cinano-no-kami's face when I told him, during my second visit to Yeddo, of a strange fact concerning dogs. You've heard it, I suppose, but he had not. I said to him: 'Cinano-no-kami, do you know that if you see a dog with a white spot upon any part of his body, that the end of his tail will also have a white spot?' He thought first that he had not understood me, but when the question was repeated to him, he looked singularly puzzled. 'It is, of course, a joke of yours,' he at length replied. 'Not at all,' was my answer. 'Send out now and bring in all the spotted dogs you can find, and I'll convince you before dinner.' Of course, there was a dozen dogs with more or less white spots about them introduced in a very short time, and, as I had expected, they all had white tips to their tails. Cinano-no-kami examined them all himself, looked more puzzled than ever, and finally said that 'three dogs certainly upheld the story, but that he would find a dozen before the next day that would refute it.' I laughed, and told him that the whole of Yeddo wouldn't produce such a dog, and he said: Well, we will see.' So you may imagine the white-spotted dog-hunt which came off that evening. Still they failed to find the one they wanted. It soon got to the Emperor's ears, and finally became the talk of Yeddo. One day they thought they had me. A dog was dragged into my room in a most triumphant manner.

"'See here!' exclaimed Cinano-no-kami, 'here is a dog with a white spot on his back and a black tail! What do you say to that?'

"'Part the hairs on the end of his tail, and tell me what you see,' I replied. They did so, and looked up with a disappointed air. They had discovered several milk-white hairs on the very tip, that had been concealed by the outer ones. After that they gave it up."

The habits of the Japanese are singular, according to correspondents. One writes:

"In their personal cleanliness the Japanese present a marked contrast to the Chinese; no deformed objects meet the eye in the crowded streets; cutaneous diseases seem almost unknown. In Nagasaki, toward evening a large portion of the male and female population might be seen innocently 'tubbing' at the corners of the streets. In Jeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and presents a curious spectacle, more especially if the inmates of both sexes ingenuously rush to it to gaze at him as he rides blushingly past."

Another says:

"Every Japanese is allowed one legal wife, but he may have as many 'second wives' as his means will admit of. The manner in which they obtain their 'second wives' is regulated by law. It must first be proved that the girl's relatives are unable to support her, and then she may become a 'second wife,' in order to avoid begging. The children are all adopted by the legal wife, and thus you find hundreds of Japanese who do not know their own mothers. You were wondering a while since at the great number of children that crowd around us whenever we stop; this is because they all do know their own fathers—something like your Mormons in the United States."

JAPANESE LADIES.

AN INCIDENT.

IT was the Indian Summer,
  Blue and golden was the sky,
When on a prison scaffold
  A pale youth stood to die,
For a deed of murder done
  In his drunken revelry.

He glanced upon the faces
  Of those who stood around,
But in their serious aspect
  No kindred being found;
For his deadly crime had severed
  The bonds that Nature bound.

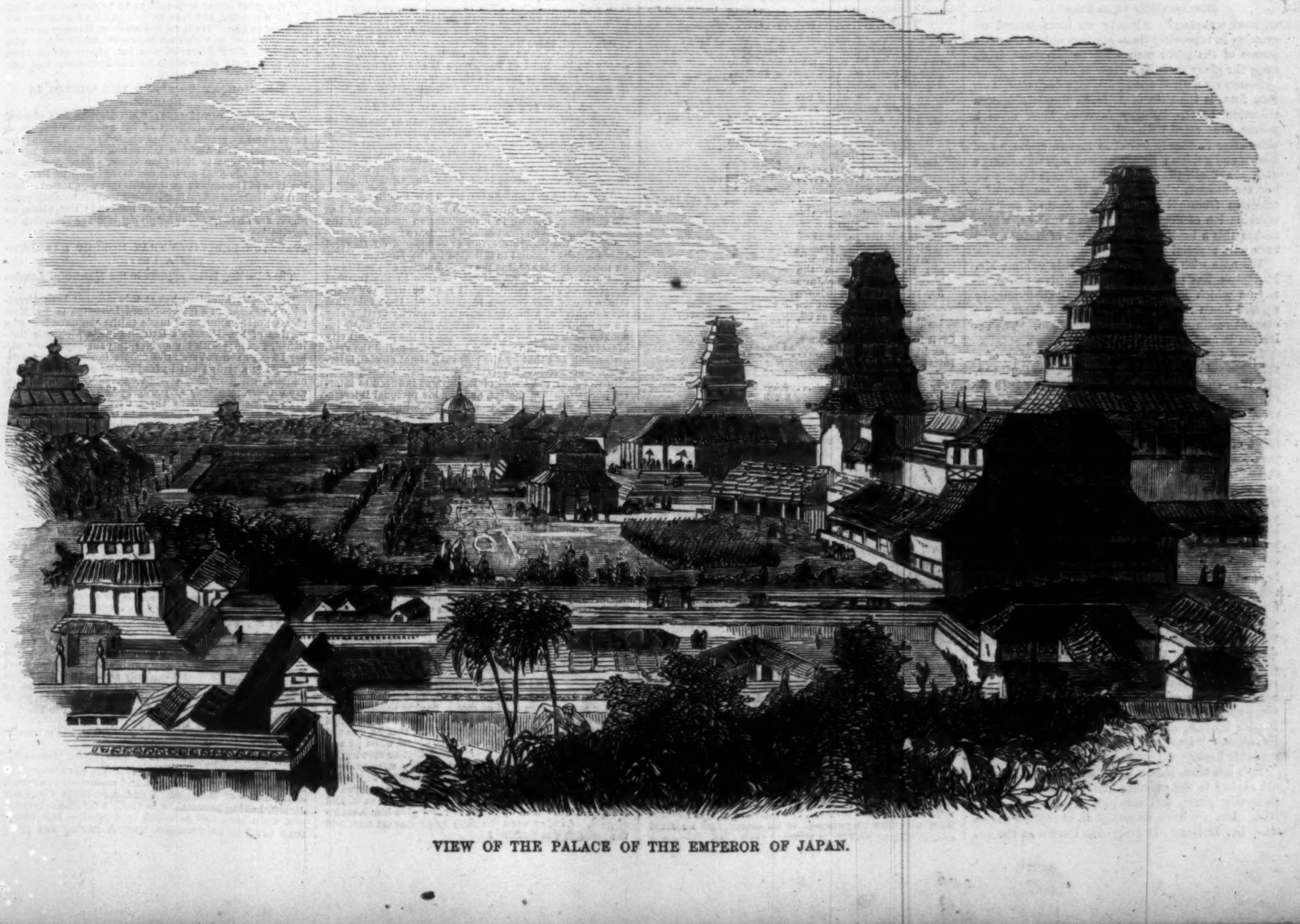
One last look on the heavens,
  Which smiled as they were wont
When his loving parents held him
  At the baptismal font—
Then, a little guiltless infant;
  Now, a felon—horror gaunt!

One last thought of the meadows,
  One last look at the sun,
And then his eyes are blinded—
  The work of death 's begun;
A few convulsed sharp pangs and then
  The work of death is done!

Swinging idly, like vile carrion,
  In the face of day so fair—
His body faintly quivering,
  Eyes fixed in death's grim stare—
He hangs, a blighting horror,
  To poison God's sweet air.

And ye who read this story,
  Though ye now so proudly throng
The siren halls of pleasure,
  Ye may stumble into wrong;
Temptation 's bright and sudden—
  Suffering is dark and long!

E'en the noblest of the nation,
  The proudest in the land,
Ye who boast a spotless honor,
  Yet may bear the felon's brand
Unless ye have the courage
  The wine-cup to withstand!



VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

LITERARY.

Carter & Brothers are first in the field with two of the most superb Gift Books ever offered to the appreciation of the public. The Book of Proverbs has been supposed incapable of illustration; but Gilbert, the well-known artist, has achieved a success in this instance which is worthy of unqualified praise. The idea which so impresses us, and which we are very certain will attract the attention of all lovers of art, is the illustrating of the book of wise sayings by scenes in history which prove the truth and wisdom of those sayings. "A wise son maketh a glad father" finds its illustration in the welcome which the princely Joseph gives to his old father coming down to Egypt. "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding" is obviously made true in the story of the Prodigal Son. But Mr. Gilbert has not confined himself to sacred history; and no one of the pages in the book strikes the reader with greater force, on account of its fitness, than that in which the passage "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings," is shown to be the truth in the picture of Benjamin Franklin at the French court before the King and his courtiers. On the whole, we think this book justifies some degree of enthusiasm in a notice of it, and that it will prove one of the most acceptable of the tributes of Art to the holiday season. It is a companion to the "Book of Job," published last year by the same house; and, like that, is a fine specimen of typography, as well as of luxury in binding that would have enchanted Grolier.

The other book which Carter & Brothers publish is in the same splendid style of typography, illustration, and binding. It is Lays of the Holy Land, from ancient and modern poets, with illustrations (from drawings and photographs), which equal, if they do not surpass, in execution any specimens of wood-engraving hitherto seen. Of the delicacy and accuracy of the drawings we are able also to speak with perfect satisfaction. Bethany stands on the page before us; Tyre is here in very truth; the water seems to ripple in the Pool of Siloam. No work of any kind that we have hitherto met with, not excepting Roberts's large plates, approaches the fidelity of these exquisite little cuts. But, besides these, there are not a few which exhibit the great advance of modern art in engraving. We can not avoid the mention of a plate illustrating the Finding of Moses, by Millais, finished up with Pre-Raphaelite care, and indicating a most careful study of the Egyptian monuments and woman nature. Why should not an Egyptian princess, three thousand years ago, lift up her dress, when she steps toward the muddy edge of the rushes, with the air and fashion of a Parisian lady crossing the Rue de la Paix? We like that picture much; and though the artists do much dispute about it, and call it a picture of the Egyptian lady's tournure instead of the Finding of Moses, it is nevertheless a page to study and enjoy. As to the letter-press, it is only necessary to remind the reader that among the finest poems in our language are those which are strictly Lays of the Holy Land. We are especially pleased at meeting here some old favorites long out of print, now most fitly preserved in these gorgeous covers, which can not be too rich and magnificent for such contents. Who can read or think those lines of Bernard de Morle,

"To thee, oh! dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep,"

without weeping? Already we have passed an evening in repeating these glorious old hymns and poems of the great men who, in all times, have sung the glory and the sorrow of Jerusalem.

Songs of the Woodland, the Garden, and the Sea, is the title of A. D. F. Randolph's contribution to the holiday table—a book of rich poems, illustrated with colored engravings, copied close after Nature in her dead leaves, crimson and brown and golden; her flowers of infinite variety; and, above all, the varied and delicate beauty of her sea-mosses. The volume itself consists of a selection from all the poets of Nature, and the combination of Poetry and Art is a success, which makes this a book to which lovers of Nature will turn with especial pleasure.

We note with pleasure that in this volume Mr. Randolph has preserved some fugitive pieces of rhyme which have been traveling anonymously up and down the country, and which deserve the elegant resting-place he furnishes them. The selection is made with taste and judgment.

Dust and Foam is the life, for ten years, of a rollicking, jovial sailor. Published by Scribner. Mr. Warren, the author, left New York in 1849 for California, in one of those ships which many will recollect were bought by parties of young men and fitted out for the gold regions. He was President of his company. At Rio he resigned, and took passage on one of the old Long Island Sound steamers, which was sent around to San Francisco, and on her he had a perilous and eventful voyage. Thus he commenced a life which, in the following years, led him up and down the west coast, to the various groups of Pacific islands, to Australia and East Indian islands, and to and fro in the Pacific Ocean generally. His story is told simply, frankly, and sometimes with thrilling effect. We have not often met with a book so thoroughly attractive. He writes freely, without much polish; but one fancies as he reads that he hears the sailor telling his yarns, and it is vain to resist the frequent impulse to shout with merriment over the adventures of the free-and-easy American, who seems to have been always the same "jolly mariner," in a gale of wind with the ship gaining on the pumps hour by hour, as in the groves of the Pacific islands, among the dark beauties of the Kanakas. "Dust and Foam" is certainly a very readable book.

It is not often that a new poet is born; for, the old saying to the contrary notwithstanding, poets generally grow, and are not produced Minerva-like. But we have certainly an exception before us. Dr. Holland has long been known as the author of "The Bay Path," an admirable American novel, and more recently as the writer of "The Letters of Timothy Titcomb," of which we recently spoke favorably. We presume no one judged from either of these books that the author was or would be a poet. But Mr. Scribner publishes now Bitter Sweet, on the title-page of which, with a boldness he need not be ashamed of, the author has placed his name in full, and we have no hesitation in transferring it to the list of acknowledged poets. "Bitter Sweet" is a remarkable work. Running through it is a story of exceeding beauty. The scene is a New England Thanksgiving at a farmhouse, and the actors are the returning children who gather at the old place. The theory of the book is that children of any farm-house, who go out into the world, bring home the same lessons of human nature that kings and warriors learn in higher spheres. So on a Thanksgiving evening Ruth, and Grace, and David, and Mary talk and tell their stories one to another, and the children play, and there is a scene at the end that suddenly lets you into the secret of the whole. Easy versification and admirable use of language are among the least merits of the poem. There is a keen perception of the beautiful, a far-seeing religious philosophy, and a knowledge of all that is beautiful in the golden rules of the Christian faith which Dr. Holland possesses; and to these he adds the ability of the true poet to think and to write. Hence a book is produced which takes high rank at once.

We shall not pause to speak of faults—for that there are such is a matter of necessity; but the pervading beauty of the whole at present forbids our thinking of these, and we prefer the more agreeable duty of the critic in pointing out the merits. In one part of the story Ruth and David go down into the cellar to draw a pitcher of cider; and this same cellar invasion gives the author the opportunity for one of the finest portions of the book. Not to speak of the vividness with which, in passing, the scene itself is laid before the mind, the barrels and the bins, Ruth calls David's attention to one and another of the stores, and David thereupon moralizes; and between the two we have as artistic a passage as the mind of a poet has ever conceived. We regret our want of space to give specimens.

The Household Waverley of Ticknor & Fields continues in regular succession, and approaches completion. The "Fair Maid of Perth" is the last issue, and the whole set seems to have been made with reference to the ordinary width of a drawing-room book-case, of which it will fill one shelf exactly.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. COBB'S BUDGET.

Mr. Secretary Cobb has completed his official estimates of the Federal Expenditures for the fiscal year, commencing on the 1st of July next. He puts those Expenditures at $73,217,947—a little over seventy-three millions of dollars. Here are his items:

Civil list, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous, including expenses of collecting the revenues from sales of public lands and expenses of courts....	$11,629,535 11
To supply deficiencies in the revenues of the General Post-Office	6,382,900 00
Pensions................................	852,000 00
Indian Department........................	1,866,419 49
Army, proper, etc., including miscellaneous objects..........................	15,658,386 28
Military Academy.........................	185,938 00
Fortifications, ordnance, etc............	2,165,766 00
Naval establishment	13,500,370 00
Total....................................	$52,241,315 78

To the estimates are added statements showing:

1. The appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, made by former Acts of Congress, of a specific and indefinite character, as follows:

Miscellaneous, including expenses of collecting revenue from customs.......	$5,624,410 14	
Compensation to the General Post-office for mail services	700,000 00	
Arming and equipping the militia..................	200,000 00	
Civilization of Indians......	10,000 00	
Interest on the public debt...	1,963,314 36	
		$8,497,724 50

2. The existing appropriations, part of which are required for the payment of the liabilities of the present fiscal year, but which will not be drawn from the Treasury until after June 30, 1859, and the balance applied to the service of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, viz.:

Civil list, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous	$4,270,957 24	
Interior Department (pensions and Indians)	1,603,602 83	
War Department	3,361,091 76	
Navy Department	3,243,255 45	
		12,478,907 28
Total......................		$73,217,947 46

MR. BUCHANAN ON THE DANGERS OF THE UNION.

Mr. Buchanan has written a letter to the Fort Duquesne Committee, in which the dangers of the Union are thus portrayed: "I regret to say that the present omens are far from propitious. In the last age of the republic it was considered almost treasonable to pronounce the word disunion. Times have since sadly changed, and now disunion is freely prescribed as the remedy for evanescent evils, real or imaginary, which, if left to themselves, would speedily vanish away in the progress of events.

"Our Revolutionary fathers have passed away, and the generation next after them, who were inspired by their personal counsel and example, have nearly all disappeared. The present generation, deprived of these lights, must, whether they will or not, decide the fate of their posterity. Let them cherish the Union in their heart of hearts—let them resist every measure which may tend to relax or dissolve its bonds—let the citizens of different States cultivate the feelings of kindness and forbearance toward each other—and let all resolve to transmit it to their descendants in the form and spirit they have inherited it from their forefathers; and all will then be well for our country in future times.

"I shall assume the privilege of advancing years in reference to another growing and dangerous evil. In the last age, although our fathers, like ourselves, were divided into political parties which often had severe conflicts with each other, yet we never heard, until within a recent period, of the employment of money to carry elections. Should this practice increase until the voters and their representatives in the State and national Legislatures shall become infected, the fountain of free government will then be poisoned at its source, and we must end, as history proves, in military despotism.

"A democratic republic, all agree, can not long survive unless sustained by public virtue. When this is corrupted, and the people become venal, there is a canker at the root of the tree of liberty which will cause it to wither and to die."

NO PROTECTION FOR FOREIGN JEWS.

The following letter of the venerable Secretary of State has been written in reply to a letter from Mr. Abraham Hart, the President of a Hebrew congregation in the city of Philadelphia:

"Sir,—I have received and submitted to the President your letter of the 19th instant, respecting the alleged forcible abduction from his parents of a Jewish child by the public authorities of Bologna, in the Papal dominions, and asking some expressions of condemnation on the part of this Government.

"This occurrence took place within the territories of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen. It is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from an interference in the internal concerns of any other country. Certainly there is nothing in the circumstances of this case, as they are reported, which would impose this reserve upon the Government. But it is deemed proper to adhere to the established principle which has heretofore regulated its conduct in its intercourse with other nations.

"Lewis Cass.

"To Mr. A. Hart, President of the Congregation 'Mickve Israel,' Cherry Street, Philadelphia."

A NOBLE HERO.

We read in the New Haven *Register*: "The recent courageous and even desperate act of Captain Brooks, keeper of the Faulkner's Island Light, in rescuing the captain, his wife, and crew, from a wreck, in Long Island Sound, deserves more than a passing notice. It will be remembered that Faulkner's Island itself is more than two miles from land, and that its only inhabitants are the keeper of the light-house and his family, Captain Oliver N. Brooks. The wreck lay upon Goose Island, some two miles from this; but Captain Brooks could see, with his glass, the persons in the rigging, and the sea lashed into unusual fury, making a breach high over its decks, and threatening instant destruction. It was too sad a sight for the brave man to endure; and provided as he was by Government with nothing but a small sailboat, to go between the island and the main land, he would have been fully justified in leaving them to a fate horrible to think of. His wife was on shore, and he was alone with his family of little children; but telling them of the peril he was about to assume—a fearful peril, from which he might never return—he kissed them, and calling upon God to protect them and bless his endeavor he jumped into his frail skiff, and steered boldly into the storm and the billows. Those on board saw the attempt, and even in their agony wondered at his boldness, predicted its failure, and grieved at what they considered an unnecessary sacrifice. But still the brave man, relying upon Providence, kept up his heart and hopes, and although every wave threatened him with destruction, he reached at last the wreck, and hailed the desponding crew with words of cheer.

THE RESCUE.

"By the most skillful management of his boat, now shooting past, and once over the very wreck itself, he at last managed to pick them off, one at a time, and then turned for the shore. But it was only by constant bailing and tremendous efforts that the boat was kept above water, and at last reached the island, with its inmates exhausted, and nearly dead with hunger and exposure. On the shore, waiting for their father, were the little children of Captain Brooks, who, with tears and screams of joy, saw the boat tossed violently upon the land by the angry waves, with its overtasked load of rescued mariners, who were immediately transferred to the light-house residence, and made welcome and comfortable. A gentleman familiar with the circumstances, and also with the dangers of the sea, assures us that it was the most daring feat he ever read of, that the boat was entirely unfit for such a service, and that nothing but unrivaled coolness, great skill as a boatman, and the hand of Providence over all, made the effort successful. Captain B. thought it at least an equal chance that he should be lost; though, with a proper life or surf-boat, he wouldn't have hesitated an instant about going to the wreck when he first discovered the danger, and might have saved the life of the little girl—the captain's child of three years—who fell from his exhausted arms into the sea, half an hour before Captain B. reached the wreck. We have known Captain Brooks for several years as one of the most faithful men in the light-house service, and means will be taken to call the attention of the Government to his merits, and hope that he may be provided with a boat suitable for the kind of service he is so frequently called upon to enter. There should be also, at such an exposed point, an assistant keeper; for had Mr. Brooks been lost in his effort to save the crew of this vessel, there would have been missing to the mariner in Long Island Sound, on that night, the ever-steady beacon-light of Faulkner's Island. If ever hero deserved the public reward of bravery, that man is Oliver N. Brooks, the solitary watcher on a sea-girt island."

A CONVICT SHOWERED TO DEATH.

A colored convict was showered to death in the Auburn Prison on 3d. The convicts, having gained information of the fact, became greatly excited, and a general rebellion was feared. The convicts in the shop where the colored man worked went to their cells shouting and hallooing. No disturbance took place during the night.

A NUN RELEASED BY THE POPE.

The Washington correspondent of the *Traveller* has the following, relating to a dispensation granted by the Pope, through American official influence:

"While the papers are full of comments on General Cass's letter of refusal to interfere in the Mortara affair, on the ground that 'it is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from all interference in the internal concerns of other countries,' it may be well to 'ventilate' a rumor now current in this city. It is said that the daughter of a highly respectable family of this city (in which, by-the-way, ex-President Pierce was quite intimate) took the vail at the convent in the adjacent city of Georgetown, and that after a while she found the vows distasteful, and that by the personal, if not official, interference of President Pierce, Major Lewis Cass, Jun., Minister near the Court of Rome, was induced to interest himself in the matter, and, by his personal intercession with the Pope, to obtain a 'dispensation,' which has released the young nun from her vows, and has allowed her to again enter the world. If this be so—and it has obtained credence among many—it would appear that 'intervention' can be practiced whenever there is sufficient occasion for its exercise."

LUCKY WINDFALL.

According to the Cumberland (Maryland) *Alleganian*, an old man named John Brobst, living in the Glades, in that county, recently discovered that he was the rightful owner of a large tract of land in the richest mineral region of Pennsylvania, underlaid with immense seams of coal and iron, and valued at $8,000,000. Brobst, it is said, lived on the land fifty years ago, became involved through his brother, mortgaged his property to its then full value, and came to Maryland, where he has ever since lived in indigent circumstances. The property subsequently passed into the hands of his nephews, who afterward sold it to a wealthy company. The difficulty of giving a good title led to the fact that Brobst was still alive. He was searched out, found, and taken on to Pennsylvania, and, according to the *Alleganian*, has sold out all his right for the sum of $2,600,000.

STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

At the Nail Factory, South Troy, on Sunday week, a lad six years of age died of croup, having suffered terribly for several days. Two days before his death he called his father to his bedside, and told him that he was not going to live, for he had a beautiful dream when he was asleep that told him so. He dreamed that he stood upon the earth, he saw God in heaven looking sweetly down upon him; that He let down a golden chain, which fell upon the ground at his feet; and that, as he stooped to look at it, God told him to take hold of the chain, and He would draw him up to heaven and give him a crown of gold. Sunday week the little spirit was set free, and the promise was fulfilled!

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Dr. Holmes told the story of the heroine of his poem, "Avis," at the close of a lecture in Charlestown recently. It seems that a little colored girl was brought to the State Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, in such a state of disease as to present a most revolting spectacle to all connected with the establishment. It seemed as if nobody would care to touch her, or could look at her without disgust and dread. Under these circumstances "Avis" volunteered to take charge of her, and did so night and day, "giving body and soul to her," as Dr. Holmes says, until she was restored to life and health.

A MAN WALKING ABOUT WITH HIS HEAD OFF.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "An accident occurred in a pottery in the lower end of Fort Street, in the outskirts of the city, some days since, resulting in the death of an employé of the establishment, which furnishes a most singular instance of the tenacity with which life clings at times to the human frame. The man, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, was engaged in the room where the machinery employed in cutting and pulverizing the clay is situated. This machine is a large wheel, with heavy knives or cutters placed at equal distance on its circumference. Some disarrangement of the wheel attracted the attention of the unfortunate man, who attempted to reach into the wheel and adjust it while it was still revolving. In this, however, he miscalculated the speed at which the machinery was running, and, before he could withdraw himself from under the knife, it struck him on the back of the head, low down in the neck, completely severing the upper and back portion of the skull, on a line close to the top of the ears, and cutting through and removing a considerable portion of the brain. The most singular circumstance was that the man, in this horribly wounded condition, walked into an adjoining apartment where other workmen were, and afterward walked to a carriage, in which he rode to his home, surviving the accident nearly half a day. We doubt if another case of such extreme tenacity of life can be found in the records of accidents, but the actual occurrence of the above circumstance is vouched for by competent authorities, and is beyond a doubt."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR IN ENGLAND.

An English journal says: "It seems that we are to have another Great Exhibition in 1861, on the same plan but with a larger basis than that which drew so many millions of people to London in 1851. If this undertaking should at all approach in success the former one, the probability, almost the certainty is, that it will be continued decennially. Mr. C. W. Dilke, who was mixed up so largely with the last one, is the primary mover in the new undertaking. At present the speculation is hardly launched. A preliminary inquiry will take place by the Council of the Society of Arts—first, to ascertain whether the Commissioners in the former exhibition will consent to act again, and if not, how far they will assist the new undertaking."

PRINCE ALFRED ON HIS OWN HOOK.

The sailors of the *Euryalus* have an anecdote among them to the effect that two of the midshipmen, during the voyage to Lisbon, blackened Prince Alfred's face, while he was asleep in his berth, in that spirit of mischief for which these young gentlemen are notorious. The Prince made no complaint, but was up like a skylark before gun-fire next morning, and cut away the hammock-strings of the two young gentlemen who had served him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion.

DEATH OF ROBERT OWEN.

The famous Socialist, Robert Owen, is dead. His son, Mr. R. Dale Owen, in a letter to a friend, thus describes the last scene in the life of his father:

"It is all over. My dear father passed away this morning at 6¾ o'clock, and passed away as gently and quietly as if he had been falling asleep. There was not the least struggle—not a contraction of a limb or muscle—not an expression of pain on his face. His breath gradually became slower and slower, until, at last, it ceased so imperceptibly that even as I held his hand I could scarcely tell the moment when he no longer breathed. His last words, distinctly pronounced about twenty minutes before his death, were, 'Relief has come.' About half an hour before, he said, 'Very easy and comfortable.'

"His great object appeared to be to convince us that he did not suffer, and that he was satisfied with our attentions to him. He is to be buried on Monday next, in the same vault in which his father and mother lie. The rector, Mr. John Edwards, who has kindly called upon him five or six times since he has been here, will officiate."

MR. MORPHY TO SPEND THE WINTER IN EUROPE.

An English journal says: "Mr. Morphy has yielded to the earnest solicitations of his numerous friends in France and England, and has elected to pass the winter in Europe. His decision can not fail of giving a still greater stimulus to European chess. Herr Anderssen, also, has made final arrangements for being in Paris on the 12th of December; so that this much-expected match will really come off. After its termination we shall probably again see Mr. Morphy in England; and plans, we know, are already afloat for giving him the reception he merits."

STAUNTON PERCEIVES THAT MORPHY HAS WRITTEN A LETTER.

The following letter appears in the *Illustrated London News*:

"Sir,—My attention has at this moment been directed to a passage in a letter of Lord Lyttelton to Mr. Morphy, wherein allusion is made to the 'suppression' of a portion of Mr. Morphy's letter to me, which you published, together with my answer, in your paper for October 23. I have not seen the epistle to which Lord Lyttelton's is a reply; but I *plead guilty at once to having omitted, when sending you Mr. Morphy's jeremiad and my answer, a couple of paragraphs from the former.* My reasons for omitting them were, in the first place, because they appeared to me to be irrelevant to the main point between Mr. Morphy and me; secondly, because I knew if the letters extended very much beyond the limited space you apportion to Chess, they were pretty certain of being omitted, or, as Mr. Morphy phrases it, '*suppressed*' altogether; and thirdly, because I had already written to a friend in Paris, with whom, through my introduction, Mr. Morphy was living upon intimate terms, an explanation touching the notice Mr. Morphy professes to be so concerned at; and from my friend's reply, which intimated that Mr. Morphy was about to write to me in an amicable spirit, I of course supposed there was an end to the matter, and that I should be permitted to pursue my work, and this young gentleman his play, without further misunderstanding. That, after this, and in the face of my endeavors through your journal to set his blindfold and other chess exploits before the public in the most advantageous light—in the face of every civility which in the extent of my opportunities I have endeavored to show him from the first moment of his arrival in this country—he could reconcile it to his sense of honor and honesty to impute to me a willful suppression of any portion of his letter, does, indeed, amaze me, and I can only account for it by supposing he is under the influence of very ill advisers, or that his idea of what is honorable and honest is very different from what I had hoped and believed it to be.

"I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

"H. Staunton.

"Monday, Nov. 15."

THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF AND LADY JERSEY.

The *Times* correspondent says: "We have every day some new story of the strange and capricious *brusquerie* of the Duke of Malakoff. The last *on dit* is, that Lady Jersey, having undertaken to make a favorable impression upon him, had persisted in detaining him longer than usual in conversation, without having any thing

very new or particular to say. His interest in her ladyship's sentimentalisms speedily died out; for a time he listened on in silence, and then yawned undisguisedly, though without effect, and, in short, made every sign which he could think of that he was thoroughly bored. The patroness of Almack's and faded queen of fashion still, however, persevered, and began at length to explain to him why she believed that every period of life had its compensating happiness. His Excellency could resist no longer, and to her ladyship dryly said: 'I dare say you are right, and you must be a good judge, for I have heard that when young you were very beautiful; that always you have been very rich; that you have had many children, and now, when you are old, you have only one daughter left upon your hands.'

"The last piece of this explosion was perhaps the hardest to bear, as the still beautiful, but now almost *passé* Lady Clementina Villiers, after having been talked of as the probable bride of some of the first nobles in the land, remains still unmarried."

RAREY'S TOUR IN THE NORTH.

A London paper contains the following: "Mr. Rarey has once more returned to London, and the confederacy is dissolved between him and Mr. Goodenough, who departed for Canada about two months since. The former gentleman has spent about eighteen or twenty days in Lapland, and instructed a class of two hundred at Stockholm, on his way back here. As in England, he numbered several of the Swedish ministers among his pupils, and gave a grand exhibition in the Royal Riding-School before the Crown Prince and his suite. Two subjects were brought to him; one, a well-bred colt of four or five years old, as wild and nervous as a roe-deer, and which had never had any thing but a halter on. This one occupied him forty minutes, and the process of giving it confidence was so interesting that the whole company rose from their chairs almost at the outset, and never resumed them till he rode it round the ring and played with it at his will. The second was a bay half-bred Arab mare, whose hind feet no man had ever yet been able to sone, and whom only one groom in Sweden durst approach. Biting and hind-leg vice were her peculiar 'vanities,' and she was so violent when she was led into the ring and delivered over to him that, at one time, several of the spectators feared she would make a summary end of him. However, he was not to be daunted, and assured the Crown Prince that he had been beaten by no horse yet, and that if he could find one to defy him his whole system must be a deception. The result proved that he had not misjudged his power, as he brought her cleverly to hand in an hour and twenty minutes. The Crown Prince then stepped forward, shook hands with him most warmly, and presented him with a gold medal as a memento of his victory. The system seems to be creating quite as much enthusiasm on the Continent as it did in England, and Mr. Rarey and Cruiser bid fair to be in modern what Alexander and Bucephalus were in ancient history. We believe that there is every probability of his being engaged by the Government to instruct the army rough-riders. A commission has been appointed to investigate his system, and it is understood that they have reported most favorably."

THE THACKERAY AND YATES QUARREL.

A case which promises to be of considerable interest in literary and club circles, and which will raise an important and novel point, is to be tried by one of the common law courts at Westminster. It arises out of the dispute between Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Edmund Yates, both members of the Garrick Club, which arose out of circumstances already laid before the readers of the *Weekly*. Mr. Yates having declined to retract the statements he had made in the *Town Talk*, with regard to Mr. Thackeray, the latter submitted the correspondence which had passed between Mr. Yates and himself, together with the copy of the article to which he had taken exception, to the Committee of the Garrick Club. Mr. Yates having heard that Mr. Thackeray had adopted this course, wrote to ask the committee to suspend their judgment until he could prepare his own version of the case; and subsequently wrote to the committee questioning their right to entertain the matter at all. "The article," he said, "may be in exceedingly bad taste, but the committee is *not* a committee of taste." The committee, at a special meeting, resolved that it was competent to them to entertain Mr. Thackeray's complaint, that the complaint itself was well grounded, and that the practice of publishing such articles, being reflections by one member of the club against any other, would be fatal to the comfort of the club, and intolerable in a society of gentlemen. The committee further resolved that Mr. Yates was bound to make "an ample apology," or retire from the club. Mr. Yates declined either to retire or to apologize, and stated he would appeal to a general meeting on two questions—first, whether the case between Mr. Thackeray and himself was such a case as should be submitted to the committee at all; and, secondly, "Whether Mr. Thackeray has any right to call for an apology from me when he had so arrogantly and coarsely addressed me." The result was that Mr. Yates's subscription was returned, and it was intimated to him that he was expelled the club. He has therefore instituted an action against the committee for trespass, in refusing to allow him to enter the club, and this will raise the important question, as affecting the rights of members generally, whether the club had the right to expel Mr. Yates or not. It is understood that there will be a large array of legal talent on both sides. The Attorney-General has been retained for the committee of the Garrick Club. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., is to lead the case on behalf of the plaintiff, Mr. Edmund Yates.

THACKERAY'S OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes: "A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of meeting at the house of a mutual friend the satirist of the day, 'Thackeray,' whose lectures in your principal cities drew together such large audiences some time since. During the course of the conversation a young American lady present said to Mr. Thackeray, 'I have been long afraid to see issuing from your pungent pen a rather severe book upon the United States and the American people.' 'You need fear no such thing, my dear madam,' replied the tall author, 'for I promised I would not write such a book, and after the kindness I received at the hands of all in America, I am sure I could not be so ungrateful as to say ill of the people that made me feel so much at home.' So I may safely predict that the author of 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' etc., will not give to the world such a trying-to-be-smart-and-funny-and-missing-it-ever-so-much book as Dickens's Notes on America."

MARRIAGE OF THE RICHEST GIRL IN ENGLAND.

We read in an English paper: "On Wednesday, at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the Hon. Miss Loyd, the only daughter of Lord Overstone, bestowed her hand on Major Robert Lindsay, of the Scots Fusilier Guards. The building was completely crammed, every coigne of vantage seized, eager eyes were gazing through the fly-lights of the old-fashioned doors, expectation was at its height, when, shortly after the termination of morning prayer, the entry of two or three elegantly-attired ladies into the church proclaimed the first arrival. They were followed in rapid succession by others of the wedding party, whose dress, we are afraid, continued to be a subject of greater discussion than the personal merits of the wearers, till the entrance of the gallant bridegroom, accompanied by his 'best man,' attracted all attention to himself. The bride was soon afterward led by her father to the altar. Her extreme beauty, heightened by her agitation, was universally regarded with the most respectful admiration. The scene at this moment was brilliant in the extreme. At the termination of the marriage service the party was shown into the vestry, where the usual signatures were affixed to the parochial register, after which the new-made wife, resting on her husband's arm, passed down the aisle to the carriage which awaited them. Here the prettiest part of the day's proceedings took place, the children of the parish, ranged on each side holding baskets of flowers, strewed the path with their contents, when, amidst the joyous clashing of the bells, and the gratulations of their friends, the newly-wedded couple, after partaking of an elegant *déjeûner* at the residence of Lord Overstone, in Carlton Terrace, proceeded on the customary marriage tour. The ceremony was performed by the very Rev. the Dean of Litchfield, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, vicar of the parish. The bride was attired in a white satin dress elegantly trimmed with lace, the bridal vail was of the most costly material, and was confined to the back of her head by a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were costumed in white silk, with cashmere cloaks of the same color, plain bonnets with white feathers tipped with ruby, with which color in velvet the whole costume was relieved."

FANATIC ASSAULT ON HOOPS.

The *Liverpool Mercury* gives the following account of an outrage committed on the person of a young lady near Liverpool: "A young lady, about twenty, of slender frame, reduced by a fever, from the results of which she is slowly regaining convalescence, was proceeding along Boundary Road, when there came toward her two men, the taller one of whom extended a large pocket knife, and exclaiming, 'Look, look, look!' jerked it open. He then said, 'That's to cut the ropes;' and she, presuming that crinoline was meant, at once confessed that she had not any. The taller man affirmed that she had, holding the knife over her; and the lesser man grasped her shoulder tightly with his hand, and commenced pushing her across the road. There was no one within sight at the time, so that a show of resistance, or a call for help, seemed hopeless. The taller man repeatedly said, 'I must cut them;' and the lesser man, who also produced an open knife, said, 'If you make the least resistance I shall stick the knife through you,' at the same time pointing the blade toward the young lady's breast. The lesser man, still holding the young lady by the shoulder, pointed the knife to her bosom, and repeating the threats he had previously made, the taller man raised her dress, grasped her petticoats, and commenced cutting with the knife. Two women were heard approaching, whereupon the men renewed their threats with emphatic impressiveness. The skirts and dress were temporarily dropped; both men stood in front of her as if in conversation; and the women passed by, looking with curiosity, but without suspicion of the outrage that had been temporarily suspended. When they had passed, the dress was again lifted up, and the underskirts cut just in the same way as before; and subsequent examination showed that three skirts had been cut through, the cuts in each being about a foot in length. After completing their work, they replaced the victorine which had been turned round, straightened the lady's cloak, and did all in their power to set right her disordered dress; and then, saying something about catching the omnibus which was heard approaching, they politely took their leave, both wishing her 'Good-by' with apparent reluctance."

ARREST OF A MAN FOR A MURDER COMMITTED THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

A man has been apprehended at Fleur-de-lys, in Monmouthshire, charged with committing a murder in one of the Welsh counties thirty-three years ago. The circumstances of the case, so far as they are at present reported, are briefly these: In or about the year 1826 a man named Thomas Price, alleged to be the prisoner, lived in Carmarthenshire, where he was paying his addresses to a young Welsh woman. Another young man, named Lewis Williams, became attached to the same girl, and frequent quarrels arose between the rivals through the coincidence of their choice. The girl herself seems to have first encouraged one and then the other, but exhibited no decided or permanent preference for either, and this increased the ill-feeling between Price and Williams. At length they agreed to "fight out" the dispute in a field, and both repaired there alone for the purpose. A struggle took place, in the course of which Price got his opponent to the ground, and, while in that position, stabbed him with a knife. The unfortunate man died soon after, and his murderer escaped. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the latter, but the police could never find any trace of him until last week, when a man, who formerly knew all the parties, happened to be on business at Fleur-de-lys. Here he saw the prisoner, and declared him to be no other than Price, who committed the murder described. Price still retained his name, and had been living in the place where he was found ever since the occurrence. He was apprehended and brought before the magistrates at Newport on the 13th, but remanded before any particulars were gone into. Communication was at once made with the Carmarthen police, and the depositions taken at the coroner's inquest on Williams obtained. The prisoner is a gray-headed man, and, not being called upon to say any thing, was silent while before the magistrates.

HOW CLERGYMEN GET LIVINGS IN ENGLAND.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "An amusing story is told of the present Lord Chancellor, who, though himself unspoiled by his elevation, begins to suffer in popularity from the faults of others, and more especially from the ridiculous airs which certain members of his family give themselves. The keeper of the Great Seal has upward of three hundred benefices in his gift. Many of these are very small, but others are endowed with very respectable incomes. As may be supposed, each successive Chancellor is worried to death with applications, not one in twenty of which it would be possible for him to satisfy. For the first three months Lord Chelmsford's love of popularity, coupled with his genuine good nature, induced him to send considerate and oftentimes explanatory replies to the letters of clerical tormentors. But finding the Plague of Parsons did not abate, and that every son, nephew, and cousin in holy orders, of every acquaintance he ever had when he was in the navy or afterward at the bar, seemed resolved to establish intimate relations with him by means of correspondence, he made up his mind, in a moment of despair, that he would not confer a living on any representative of any friend of his youth; and that he would cause such, his inexorable determination in matters ecclesiastical, to be sternly communicated to all whom it might concern. Great was the dismay and grievous the reproaches caused by this *l'ordre impitoyable;* but the sprightly ambition of some cunning curates did not die with despair. While Lord Chelmsford was enjoying the autumnal breezes at Brighton, a young gentleman of fascinating voice, aspect, and address, who had felt himself called to the ministry, but whom no undiscerning bishop seemed likely to call to the receipt of pastoral custom, wended his listless way toward that great marine loitering-place of wealth, and rank, and fashion. He had not been at Brighton very long when he ascertained that it was the Chancellor's habit to frequent a church of which a friend of his was chaplain. Without communicating his discovery to his reverend acquaintance, he offered obligingly to take for him occasionally part of his duty. The unconscious chaplain, glad to be relieved for a Sunday or two, gratefully accepted the office, and his accomplished substitute got up an amazingly powerful discourse for the following Sunday. The great man came as usual, and was much impressed by the eloquence and earnestness of the young apostle. The day after, a mutual friend delighted him with the tidings that, having thrown himself in the Chancellor's way, he had been asked by his lordship the name of the youthful *Boanerges*, and that he had obtained leave to present him. Then, but not till then, the astute preacher let drop enough of his family history to inform Lord Chelmsford that his father and he had been messmates in the West Indies half a century ago. Believing that his new favorite had not infringed his admonitory rule, he assured him of the interest he took in his advancement, and promised to provide for him."

THE DEAD ALIVE.

An English country paper has the following: "The young girl whose singular restoration to life has been previously recorded is still living. Having had an opportunity of inquiring into this very remarkable affair, we are enabled to give the following particulars: The girl, whose name is Amelia Hinks, is twelve or thirteen years of age, and resided with her parents in Bridge Street, Nuneaton, and dwindling away under some unaccountable complaint, about three weeks ago she, as her friends imagined, died. The corpse was then removed to another room. The body was rigid and icy cold. It was washed and laid out with the usual deathly accompaniments (penny pieces being placed over the eyes), and the coffin was ordered. For more than forty-eight hours the supposed corpse lay beneath the winding-sheet, when it happened that her grandfather, a very aged man, came from Leamington to the neighborhood of Nuneaton. On going with a female relation to see the corpse, the old man removed one of the copper coins, and although the eye remained closed, he fancied he saw a movement beneath the lid. The female with him at first ridiculed the idea, but on looking more closely, she too observed a movement. The medical attendant was then apprised of the circumstance, and although he at first treated the matter as a delusion, the application of an instrument to the region of the heart soon convinced him that there was life within the apparent corpse. The body was then removed to a warmer room, and the existence of life soon became apparent. By degrees animation was restored, a loud sneeze placing the fact of her being a living subject beyond all doubt. When speech was restored, the girl described every thing that had taken place from the time of her supposed death. She knew who had closed her eyes and placed the coppers thereon. She also heard the order given for her coffin, and could describe the various remarks made over her as she lay in her death-clothes. At first on her restoration she refused all sustenance, and on some aliment being forced upon her, she became frightfully excited, and though in a state of extreme debility, it required great force to hold her. Since that period her conduct has been very strange. She entertains a wish to destroy her father and mother, and on one occasion, when they were asleep in the same room with herself, she arose from her bed in the dead of the night, went down stairs for a light, and having first destroyed, by burning, some needle-work, which she knew her mother 'set great store' upon, she set fire to the curtains, and then retired to her bed, from which it was thought impossible she could have moved. In fact so mysterious was the origin of the fire that her parents were at a loss to account for it, until the girl herself confessed having been the cause. She now lies in such a state that she can neither be called alive nor dead, the former state being only ascertained by a careful examination of her pulse. Were it not that there is no motive for deception, and the parents being creditable people, we should imagine that there was some *ruse* in this very extraordinary affair, which is causing considerable excitement in Nuneaton and the neighborhood."

FRANCE.

THE COST OF COURT LIFE.

A letter from Paris says: "The expense caused the Emperor by his visit to Compiègne is described to be prodigious; all the household is there, and the household is vast in number, and dear to keep; the hunting establishment is there, and it exceeds in number and magnificence, and consequently in cost, that which Charles X. used to maintain—and yet dearly did that royal Bourbon love hunting, and right royal was his *venerie;* guests of high degree are there, and have troops of lackeys with them; and last, but not least, the entire companies of various Paris theatres are taken down twice or thrice a week to amuse the distinguished party; and what in pay, and presents, and traveling and 'incidental expenses,' those companies absorb a good deal. Nor is it only the Emperor's purse that bleeds; the guests themselves have to buy uniforms of green and gold for the hunts, and the ladies are required to appear in two new dresses a day."

THE EMPRESS IN FAVOR OF ROMANTIC MARRIAGES.

The young officer of the Cent Gardes, who, rallied by his comrades for his love of a young girl without fortune, and who, considering her reputation compromised by their fool-born jesting, had boldly resolved to marry her, has been reinstated in his commission, which he was forced to resign in order to fulfill his intention. The Empress has most generously insisted on this act of justice, and, moreover, has appointed the young lady to an official situation about the person of the Prince Imperial.

LAMARTINE BEGGING IN PUBLIC.

A meeting of the committee of the Lamartine subscription was held on the 15th at the Hôtel du Louvre. M. de Lamartine, in an impassioned speech, the delivery of which lasted not less than two hours, explained the state of his private affairs, and justified himself from the charges of prodigality which he said had been calumniously brought against him. The amount of his debts had, he said, been exaggerated; it was only 2,200,000 francs, and he had this year paid off 900,000 francs. The chairman, M. Vavin, put the question to the meeting whether the Lamartine subscription should be abandoned or continued, and it was unanimously resolved that it should be continued, and a new appeal made to the country.

DI VERNONISM IN FRANCE.

The Court continues its hunting operations in the forests of Compiègne, but these last few days have been such dampers to the chase, in the way of rain, mud, and mist, that the festivities are likely to be cut short. The prowess of Imperial Eugénie has spread a contagion of Diana Vernonism among the ladies of France. All the autumn not only archery and fencing had its fair adepts, but rowing-matches on the Seine, between St. Cloud and St. Germains, were feminine amusements; and Mademoiselle Alphonsine C—— feathered an oar or a scull against all comers. It is true that Madame Lefay is for some years a prominent winner on the turf; and as to game licenses, lady fowlers have paid the tax at Strasburg, Melun, Lille, Tours, and Poictiers. The last town had already its historic Diana.

A NEW CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A. M. Jobard has published a book on sea-sickness which possesses some novelty. He states that sea-sickness is caused by the mechanical action of the bowels, which are made to vibrate by the heaving and pitching of the vessel and to strike against the diaphragm. The liver and gall-bladder, thus exposed to repeated action and percussion, emit a larger quantity of bile than usual, and retching is the natural consequence. M. Jobard, therefore, simply proposes to tie down the intestines, so as to prevent the jolting, which may be effectually done by two belts, one passing under the thorax and the other between the legs."

A SINGULAR CASE OF MADNESS.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: "One of the most brilliant talkers in Paris has been carried to the mad-house! I allude to M. Malitourne. Dr. Veron, in his memoirs, speaks of him in these words: 'M. Malitourne is, above all, a fascinating talker; he divines the impressions of those who listen to him, their momentary thoughts, and he gives life to these impressions and thoughts by just and piquant words. He said of M. de Chateaubriand; "He is the republican the most devoted to the monarchy we have in France."' He used to say, during the Restoration, 'I shall cease to fear a new revolution the moment our legitimate princes begin to believe themselves *chez nous*, and cease to believe themselves *chez eux*.' I asked M. Malitourne to recall some of the witty remarks he so often makes in conversation; he replied, 'It is with my *esprit* as it is with my money—I have never been able to bring myself to write down my expenses.' M. Malitourne has frequently received prizes from the French Academy, he was an able contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and he has frequently been employed by the Government. He lived entirely by his pen, and, as he spent little money (he dined every day with Dr. Veron and had a free ticket to all of the theatres), he did not fatigue himself by labor. He was writing a work—'Des Caracteres de ce Siecle'—when he read a suit for libel brought against a vulgar fellow who sold slanders for biography. He took it into his head that his book would be regarded as a slander, and he be tried as a libeler. He became alarmed and threw his book into the fire. In a few days it became evident he was crazy, and he was carried to Bicetre. He has been greatly relieved by his stay there; his mind is as calm if not as lucid as formerly; he is as good humored and smiling as ever. His madness lies in thinking himself naked. When his friends go to see him, he instantly recognizes them, but before he will say a word to them, he makes them give him their coat or cloak to hide his nakedness. Then he talks with his wonted grace and brilliancy, and when his friends get up to go, he returns the borrowed garment, saying: 'It is right you should be covered when you go into the street.' And he accompanies them to the door, adding, as he shakes hands, 'I can't go any farther; you know the reason why!' and he returns to his chamber smiling and blushing. What a painful affliction! Death is ten thousand times preferable to it! Let me add, to the honor of Dr. Veron, that he pays M. Malitourne's board at Bicetre, although the Minister of the Interior insisted that the Government should pay it."

SWITZERLAND.

MORE TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

Excessive cold has for some days past prevailed in Switzerland, and on the 7th it caused a loss of life. Eight villagers of Evolène were returning from the fair of Aoste by the glacier of Aola, when three of them walked on in advance. After a while the five found the three lying on the snow, and unable to proceed; they had become benumbed and had sunk to the earth. The five tried all they could to make them rise, and even beat them with sticks, but in vain. Fearing at length that they themselves would be overcome with cold, four of them went away; but the fifth, named Favre, who was an intimate friend of one of the three, named Beybrison, took him on his shoulders, and with immense difficulty carried him a distance of two leagues, when his own hands, feet, and nose having become frost-bitten, he was obliged, in spite of the other's earnest entreaties, to abandon him to his fate. On hearing of what had happened, twenty-two young men of the village set out to search for the three men. They easily found Beybrison, but he was quite dead. The bodies of the other two having become buried in the snow could not be discovered.

ITALY.

ARE THE FRENCH TO REMAIN AT ROME?

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Rome, under date November 10, says: "The question of the French occupation stands, according to the best information I have as yet been able to obtain, pretty much as follows. The Papal Government, that is to say, the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, or perhaps I should say Cardinal Antonelli and the Pope, would like to get rid of their allies. They are of opinion that they could get on very well without French bayonets, and keep the peace with their own resources. In this belief it is thought they are mistaken. Persons well able to form a just appreciation of the situation, believe that disturbances would quickly follow the withdrawal of the French troops. Of these there are now about 5000 in the Papal States, including, of course, those in this city. Were they to leave, the Swiss (of whom there are hardly 4000) would be all the Government could depend upon, and they would not suffice. As to the Roman troops, I am positively assured that no reliance could be placed upon them, and that they would be much more likely to join in a revolution than to co-operate in its suppression. The Roman army numbers, I believe, about 10,000. All these points considered, it is pretty evident that the French can not yet be dispensed with, without danger to the existing order of things."

ATTEMPT TO POISON MADAME RISTORI.

A letter from Parma states that a diabolical attempt has been made there to murder Madame Ristori by administering to her some real poison in a cup from which she was to drink on the stage. Of course the Austrian Government is charged with the crime.

WHAT POWERS IS DOING.

A Florence correspondent of the Boston *Courier* says: "Through the kindness of Mr. Powers, an opportunity was afforded me of seeing his bronze statue of Webster, at the foundery here, the day before it was prepared for shipment. It is a noble figure, of more than life size, representing Webster as standing erect, his left hand resting on a bundle of fasces, while his right hand holds across his breast a roll of manuscript. The costume is modern throughout, and the dress-coat is buttoned over the chest. I was greatly disappointed in the head of the statue; it appeared to me a failure as to form, likeness, and intellectual expression. The statue was cast in one piece; the bronze is quite different in color from that of the Munich foundery, being dull and muddy-looking. Mr. Powers has just completed, at his studio, a copy of the Fisher Boy, for the Hon. Hamilton Fish, and is now engaged on a bust of Mrs. Wade Hampton, whose brother, the Hon. John S. Preston, is now residing in Florence."

A PRIEST SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR DENOUNCING HOOPS.

A curé of Issoverdi, near Genoa, taking umbrage at the gay dresses worn by some of his fair parishioners, launched out in the pulpit into a furious denunciation of vanity; but, instead of questioning the taste of the parties, he questioned their virtue. Great indignation was felt by the women at a suggestion conveyed in any thing but diplomatic terms, and an action was brought forthwith against the curé. The latter pleaded in vain that he had been carried away by the spirit of eloquence; in fact, that he had made the suggestion in a Pickwickian sense; he has been condemned to five days' imprisonment and ten francs fine.

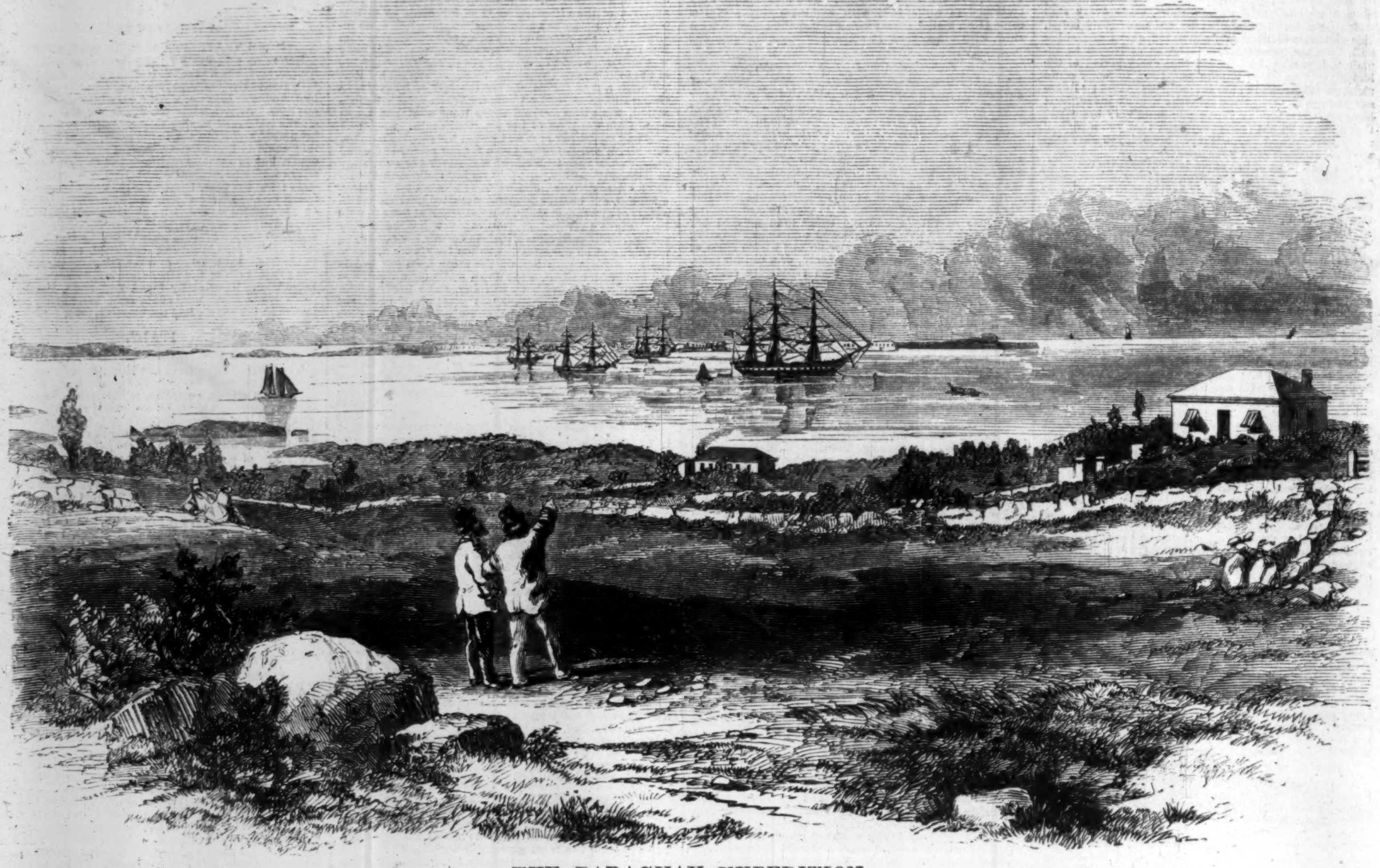
TURKEY.

WHAT IT COSTS TO RETRENCH THE SULTAN'S EXPENSES.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Daily News*, after detailing an affair which shows the corruption still prevailing in the administrative department, says: "To this, however, I may add mention of one other matter of fact which I do not remember to have spoken of yet, but which is in itself a whole volume of expository comment on the economy-farce to which Riza Pacha is playing the part of stage-manager. What do your readers suppose are the proper official emoluments of this high-priest of the retrenchment mysteries himself? 115,000 piastres a month as Seraskier, 115,000 as Grand Master of the Artillery, 80,000 as Mushir of the Palace, and 60,000 of a life-pension, together with 200,000 piastres' worth of rations—or a yearly total of 6,840,000 piastres, at the present rate of exchange about £460,000 sterling! Fabulous as these figures read, they truly represent the aggregate of the various salaries pocketed by this economic pluralist, who thus swallows up in his own person nearly one-sixteenth part of the whole nominal income of the state! The fact carries with it its own comment, and offers a more powerful exposition of the sincerity of the Government in its present pretense of retrenchment than a whole column of argument could supply."

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS AND TURKISH INTOLERANCE.

The correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* writes: "I saw a scene, the other day, which certainly would have given occasion to an uprising here, if any thing could. The foundation-stone of an English church was publicly laid by Lord Stratford, in the very midst of a Turkish quarter in Pera. If the distinct object of the founders had been to do the greatest possible violence to the most sacred feelings of the Turks, it really seemed to me that they could not have chosen a more appropriate site for this church. It is completely and closely surrounded by Turkish dwelling-houses, and on one side stands a mosque, whose minaret brushes against the temporary wooden fence that has been erected around the church lot. The other day, when prayers were offered, hymns sung, and addresses delivered, in the midst of a large company of Englishmen, on that very spot groups of Turkish women were gathered around, watching with the most intense interest and anxiety every part of the ceremony. In the midst of one of the groups was a dervish, who was as intently gazing upon the scene as the rest, and seemed to say the glory of Islamism is departed. While the proceedings were going forward it came to be one of the hours for prayer, and the *Imaum* went up on to the top of the minaret to give notice to the neighborhood, according to invariable custom. But his issuing from the hole in the minaret upon the gallery was observed by some of the Embassador's *Karases* (guards of honor) below, who, putting their fingers to their mouths, beckoned to him to be still, and he remained a silent though sad spectator of the scene, leaning over the balustrade of the minaret for a full hour! The women below said to one another, in a suppressed tone, 'See how our poor Imaum weeps!' A few years ago such a thing could not be seen in Turkey; but now things have greatly changed; and I think you will agree with me in saying that the minds of the Turkish populace here can not be in a very inflammable state, or they would not have allowed so veritable an occasion for rising to pass unimproved."



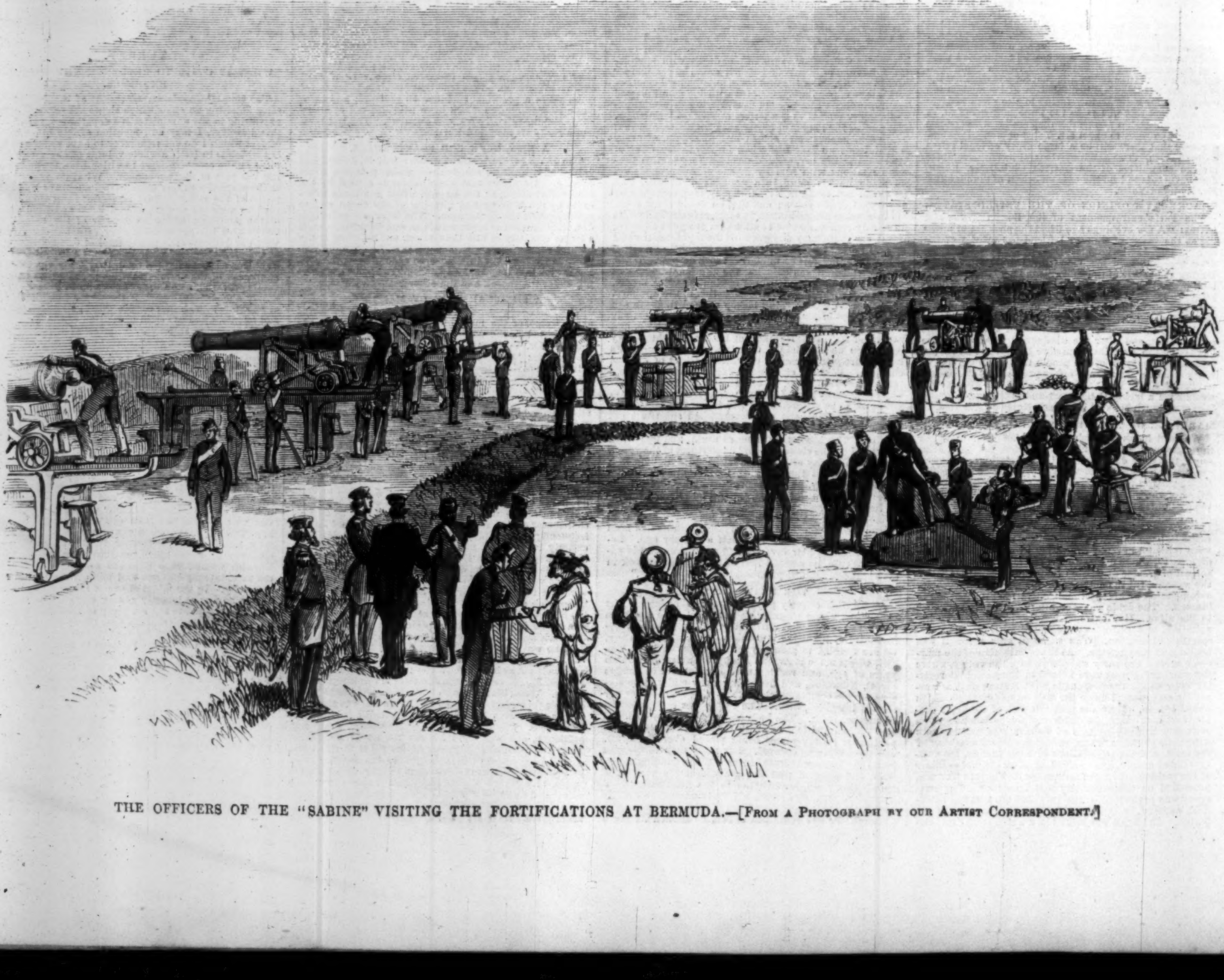
THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

THE "SABINE" AT ANCHOR IN GRASSY BAY, BERMUDA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION—THE "SABINE" AT BERMUDA.

THE public are generally aware that the United States frigate *Sabine*, the flagship of Commodore Shubrick, having been overtaken by a "cyclone" or hurricane on her way to the La Plata in the last week of October, was obliged to put into Bermuda for repairs. Our attentive correspondent has sent us from thence a couple of photographs—of the good ship at her anchorage, and of the reception of the United States visitors on shore. She anchored at Grassy Bay opposite the Royal Navy Yard, and was immediately visited by the British officers on the station, and every facility and assistance were offered for the purpose of effecting her repairs. The correspondent of the *Herald* writing from Bermuda thus describes the kind reception granted to our countrymen by the islanders:

"The Governor seems to have made it a point to treat our Admiral with the most distinguished consideration, as well as the most cordial hospitality. Captain Hutton, the senior naval officer on the station, has cheerfully afforded every assistance in repairing the injuries sustained by the vessel, and certainly has most materially aided by his own efforts the departure of the *Sabine*. The dock-yard, with its excellent mechanics, was placed completely at our command; and, although our own men sufficed in most instances, when supplied with proper means, the kindness was no less appreciated. The personal attentions of that officer deserve every acknowledgment. For the officers of the Twenty-sixth Cameronians we can but always entertain a grateful sense of the elegant entertainment with which we were honored at their hands. It was then, probably, for the first time, that the garrison of Bermuda resounded with a toast to the President of the United States and the stirring music of 'Hail Columbia.' It is a matter of regret, while every personal courtesy has been extended to the officers of the *Sabine* that could evince respect to the nation or add to our own obligations, that we should be unable to make any return. The state of the vessel and the continual repairs she has been undergoing would not permit of that pleasure."



THE OFFICERS OF THE "SABINE" VISITING THE FORTIFICATIONS AT BERMUDA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

THE MAILS CROSSING A TORRENT IN THE RAINY SEASON IN INDIA.

INDIAN LETTER-CARRIERS.

The accompanying illustrations will enable the public of the United States to judge of the dangers and difficulties which beset the transmission of the mails in India. The first depicts the slinging of letter-bags across a swollen stream in India during the rainy season. The *dawk-runners* or mail-carriers can overcome every ordinary obstacle, such as heat, rain, rock, and jungle; but a swollen torrent stops them. When, therefore, the rains swell the mountain streams so as to render them unfordable, the people of the vicinity take time by the forelock and sling a rope across them. By an ingenious handling of the end of the rope the bags are got across, and a fresh runner starts off with them at once.

The other engraving represents the catamaran postman, who comes out on his log through the surf to board ships on their arrival in India. These famous boatmen have been thus described:

"As ships approach the coast passengers' eyes are strained in the direction of the land, not yet in sight. The interest is getting more intense every minute, when a small, dark object is descried among the distant waves. Now it dips, now rises, now battles with the waves, and now it disappears entirely beneath a huge roller, only, however, to reappear on this side. Soon it becomes evident that the novel object is a specimen of the natives of the land ahead. He is kneeling on a small float, or solid piece of wood, shaped something like a canoe, but not hollowed, possessing just sufficient buoyancy to keep the occupant from sinking. The rapidity with which the vessel is going now becomes apparent, for the strange boatman has shot past, vociferating, 'Ope, ope, ope!' with all his might; and long before the many curious eyes directed toward him have had any chance of gratifying their curiosity he is seen far away over the stern, making vigorous efforts with his paddle to keep up sufficient way to enable him to grasp the rope which the sailors have thrown to him in compliance with his strangely-sounding request. The interest increases as you watch with straining eyes his chances of gaining what appears to be deliverance from certain peril. While you are thus engaged another rope has been thrown with a more dexterous hand, and this he has clutched and made fast to his tiny bark; in another instant the dark stranger has 'shinned' up the side, *via* the chains, on to the deck, and 'Catamaran Jack' (as the sailors familiarly term him), with his conical cap of basket-work, his only attire, saving scanty drawers of calico, stands confessed; the briny element runs down his body in small streams, forming little pools on the deck where he is standing, and the passengers gaze at him with eager curiosity. He is not, however, abashed at this; but forthwith proceeds to untie the string of his cap, from the waxcloth

CATAMARAN BOATMAN BOARDING A SHIP WITH LETTERS.

lining of which he produces a letter wrapped in a small piece of calico. The letter he hands to the captain, and the calico is replaced in his helmet for future service.

"These adventurous postmen paddle forth in all weathers, and when the sea is very rough they are frequently washed off their seats. Being excellent swimmers, however, they think nothing of such accidents, but regain their catamarans with astonishing activity. With all his activity, however, Jack's calling is a dangerous one. Sharks swarm on the Coromandel coast, and Jack has frequently to do battle with them. In these encounters the paddle is the means of defense, and is used with a desperation equal to the emergency. Although for the most part victorious, many of these boatmen fall victims to the voracity of the shark—the most deadly enemy to swimmers in tropical seas."

LINA FERNIE.

CHAPTER I.

"I TELL you, John, you're just a fool!" exclaimed Widow Harland, regarding her son with pettish impatience and astonishment.

John looked very headstrong, and willful, and desperately in earnest about the subject under discussion. "It is always a hard word with you, mother," said he, deprecatingly. "What can you have against Lina?"

"Have against her! She's the most conceited, selfish, uppish, wasteful wench in all Brigham!" was the uncompromising reply. "Marry her! She'll break your heart in a twelvemonth! She'd break any honest man's heart with her idleness and love of finery."

"She has an uncommon pretty face, mother; and isn't it women's ways to like to set it off a bit?" pleaded John. "You never saw any harm in her until I took on with her."

"It is not for me to lightlie a neighbor's daughter when she is nought to me; but when you talk of bringing in a lass like Lina Fernie, and setting her up over your old mother's head, then it's time to speak, I think. I hoped you would have acted more sensible when it came to seeking a wife, John. A fine young man like you, with a well-plenished house to bring her to, and work the year in an' the year out. Why, you might have the pick of the parish!"

"And that's what Lina is: she's the pick of the parish. Show me her match any where!"

"I say nought about prettiness; for red and white, and blue eyes like a wax doll's, Lina would be hard to beat; but they won't bake your bread, or guide your house, John, mind that! What can she do?—there's the question."

"Why, I suppose, mother, that, like other girls, she can learn. She's only young."

"I don't like her bringing-up. I don't like the family, John. They have never borne very good characters, either at home or abroad."

"And is poor Lina to be blamed for that?"

"Have you spoken to her yet, John?"

"No. I thought I must speak to you first."

"Well, then, I've said my say. If it had been Mary Jenner, or Libbie Frost, I would have been glad to make way for either of them; but it goes sorely against the grain with me to give place to Lina Fernie."

"Mary Jenner's older than me, mother; and Libbie Frost's downright ugly."

"I don't mind of hearing you say so till Lina came home from her aunt's in London."

"Libbie's well enough for some things, but I could not fancy to marry her if there was not another woman in the world."

Mrs. Harland sighed deeply, and plied her knitting-pins fast; John continued to hover about her, scarcely satisfied to act against her counsel, yet fully bent on getting Lina Fernie for his wife.

"I wasn't a beauty, John, as well you may see," said the mother, with a wistful smile; "yet your father fancied me, and I don't think he ever regretted his choice. I was a good, useful article, he used to say."

"You're a deal better like than Libbie Frost now; and, mother, there'd be you to put Lina in the way of things, you know," he insinuated.

"She's not one that will take kindly to teaching; but I wish you would not talk to me about her any more. If your heart's set on her, I know you over well to expect to see you change it."

John acknowledged that his heart was set on Lina, and that a miserable man he would be that day he thought she looked coldly on him; and finding his mother really indisposed to indulge him with any further conversation on the subject, he strolled down the neat little garden into the village street, and turned naturally toward Lina's cottage.

Lina was standing on her door-step, having a gossip with a neighbor. She haunted the door-step very much, and never scrupled to hold any body in talk, man, woman, or child, young or old, rich or poor, friend or stranger, who passed by that way. She had not an atom of shyness. Indeed, John's mother was much more correct in her estimate of the village belle than was John himself. Lina was very pretty, very; nobody could gainsay that. Her complexion was of creamy fairness, with a brilliant but delicate bloom; her hair was bright golden, her figure was short, but plump. Lina knew she was a beauty, and liked other people to know it, too. She had no objection to the assiduities of the handsome young mason. Indeed, the longer her train of admirers the better Lina liked it; so when she saw him coming toward the cottage she bridled her white neck, and looked as captivatingly unconscious of him as ever she could—a needless wile, for poor John was already prostrated by the power of her charms, and perfectly incapable of a single reasonable reflection with regard to her.

As he approached, Meggie Sanders, the other gossip, drew off, and Lina invited John into the house. He accepted the courtesy gratefully; for there was only the deaf old grandmother sitting by the fire, and she would take no heed to their conversation. John had not at any time a skillful tongue at commonplace chat, and his present absorbing feelings for Lina made him even less fluent than usual—a matter of which the girl was clearly sensible; but, by-and-by, he got one of Lina's nice little hands in his hard brown ones, and after remarking that it was as white as a lady's, he said, with a glowing blush on his honest face,

"Lina, I want you to give it to me?"

"Give you my hand, John! Why what in the world could you do with it?" asked she, feigning not to understand him.

"I mean, Lina, will you be my wife? Do you like me well enough?"

"Why, John, I never so much as thought about you!"

"But will you try to think about me? Oh, Lina, I think of you night and day, and get no peace for thinking of you!"

Lina laughed merrily, and tried to pull away her hand; but John held it fast all the same, and would not let it go until she answered him.

"I don't want to be married, John," said she, half pettishly; "and besides, I know your mother is cross, and does not like me. She thinks that fright Libbie Frost would suit you better."

"But I don't think so, Lina; and so, what does it matter? You would soon get round my mother, for she is real good. She scarcely knows you."

"Yes, she does; and she always looks at me as if she were jealous about you—and I'm sure she needn't be."

"Don't say that, Lina, don't. I'd rather she was ever so jealous than that you should not care for me. Do you care for me, Lina, darling—"

"Just a little bit; about as much as that," and the rural coquette measured off the first joint of her little finger as the amount of her affection for the ardent young mason.

"It's a beginning, Lina. It will be the whole hand soon;" and John looked not dissatisfied.

"Don't be over sure, John. Didn't I tell you I'd no thoughts of marrying yet? Oh, it's dull, ever so dull, to get married when one's young!" and the lively maiden lifted up her hands in horrified deprecation of such a weariful fate. John's countenance fell.

"But not if you liked me, Lina?" insinuated he, imprisoning the little hand again. "Don't be unkind."

"I don't like you much, John, you know—you are over old for me; I do believe you're thirty, at least?"

"Nay, Lina, I'm not so old as that, neither. I'm only eight-and-twenty," replied John, earnestly.

"And I'm eighteen—there's ten years between us. No, no, John; you're too old, you're too old!" and Mistress Lina shook her head, and looked seriously bewildering out of her blue eyes.

"I always knew you were a famous scholar, Lina, but I did not think you'd learnt ciphering, either;" said John, with feigned surprise. "A clever little wife like you would be the making of me—you would, indeed. Why, if I ever get to be a master builder, you could help me with the books."

"I hate books, and I hate summing worse than any thing!" retorted the perverse damsel, pouting.

John looked down at her half grieved and half admiring. She looked prettier than ever when she was rebellious. "Now, Lina, that's just to plague me," said he; "as if I were not bad enough without. Just give me one smile before I go—here's your father coming."

"La, John, how silly you are! Well, I'm going to Bartinglas feast on Thursday, and you may go with me if you like—does that please you?" John showed by his face that it did, and then, as Lina's father reeled round the hedge, he departed; for old Fernie was quarrelsome in his cups with friend and foe, but especially with a friend.

CHAPTER II.

To Bartinglas feast together went John and Lina, it being generally understood now by the friends and relatives of both parties that they were keeping company. But if John anticipated that he should keep Lina to himself all the day of the feast he was woefully mistaken. The admiration of one was by no means sufficient to satisfy her craving, and she gadded about from place to place in search of other acquaintance, letting John see that he was far from necessary to her. But his greatest grievance was, that when it was decent time to go home, Lina announced her determination to stay for a dance that was to take place in the long room of the public house. John was not a frequenter of public houses, and the idea that Lina should wish to enter such a place and join in such revelry as these rustic dances are, equally mortified and astonished him. He remonstrated and she pouted; she said he might go home and she would return with her cousins; but to this he would not agree, and the end was that Lina capered through half a dozen country-dances with half a dozen fresh partners, while John propped his back sulkily against the white-washed wall, and looked on disgusted. If he had broken with her that night, as she tried her utmost to make him do, it would have been all the better for him; but John was infatuated; and though it hurt him to see his mother's grieved and angry face when he told her the reason of his late return from the feast, still he would not listen to a single word said in disparagement of Lina, and he would have bitten out his tongue rather than utter one.

From that evening at Bartinglas poor John never had a happy hour again, never a day's peace or ease of mind. Though Lina soon after pledged him her word that she would marry him in the fall of the year, she could not resist the often recurring temptation to exercise her attractions on other young men; and as John was naturally of a sudden and violent, or rather jealous, temper, her conduct tried him severely. In vain he expostulated, in vain he reasoned, in vain he pleaded, Lina would only pout her dissatisfaction at his lectures, and tell him if he did not like her he was free to leave her; but poor John felt to his sorrow that he was less free than ever. His mortification and disappointment had a wretched effect on his temper; he became morose and irritable, even to his mother, and with Lina herself high words became quite common—rather, indeed, the rule than the exception when they met.

Mrs. Harland, when she knew that her son and Lina were really promised to each other, made a duty of the necessity, and tried to know her intended daughter-in-law better; but Lina always showed her a repulsive, unfriendly face, and, finally, the widow, losing all patience, gave up the vain attempt, and left her to her own devices. To one thing, however, she made up her mind, and that was, that she would not continue to live in the cottage with her son when he brought home Lina as his wife, and when the time for the wedding drew near she began to make preparations for retiring elsewhere. Lina made no secret of how glad this arrangement made her, for she was afraid of Mrs. Harland's serious integrity; but John regretted his mother's resolution for many and good reasons.

CHAPTER III.

IT wanted but three weeks of the day fixed for the marriage, when John, going one evening rather later than usual to the Fernies' cottage, found seated there in the most friendly way, conversing with Lina, a smart young clerk out for a holiday, whom Lina told her lover she had known at her aunt's in London. The clerk was a good-looking, conceited young sprig, who evidently had a comfortable assurance of his own personal attractions. He called Lina, Linny, and made a hundred allusions to past events and amusements, while John sat by chafing and galled at his impertinent familiarity, which Lina had not any notion of checking. To do the young city clerk justice, he had no idea whatever that the ponderous young mason, who was so slow of speech and heavy of step, could be a wooer of Linny, whom he thought of seriously for himself; and he gave him several broad hints that his room would be more acceptable than his company. But John staid perseveringly on, until Lina contrived him an errand to the top of the village, and sent him away, whether he would or no.

"Who is that fiery-faced clown, Linny? He lords it over you finely!" lisped the genteel clerk.

Lina colored and stammered. She was ashamed to acknowledge John before this young spark; who despised a far better man than himself.

"Oh! he is a mason. He works with my father," said she.

There was a fine bush of monthly roses trailing over the cottage walls, from which Lina always culled a few to embellish her work-table. It happened that some had been newly-gathered that afternoon, and she had taken one out of the cup and was playing with it while John was in the cottage. When John came back from the errand on which she had dispatched him the rose had changed its place from her fingers to the city clerk's button-hole—a transference which caught his jealous eye in a moment. He gave her a glance, to which she replied with one of coquettish defiance; and as the young stranger presently went away and left them together, he began to be very angry.

"I tell you what, John Harland," retorted she, passionately, "if you had not got my word I'd never marry you. I like Tom Freeling's little finger better than your whole body!" John's eyes blazed, and he dashed away from the cottage in a fury. The heartless girl had quite warped his honest, manly nature. He scarcely knew what he did for the next hour or two. It was late when he arrived home, and his mother was waiting up for him. It had begun to rain, and a distant rumble of thunder echoed in the sky. Mrs. Harland got up from her chair to bolt the door when he came in; but he impatiently forbade her, as he was going out again very early in the morning. She asked where he was going to; but as he seemed not to hear, and did not reply to her question, she said further: "Need I sit up, Johnny, I'm tired with washing to-day?" He seemed startled by her weary tone, and turned round to kiss her. This touch of now unusual tenderness quite broke down the old mother's reserve. "Oh! John, John! you've not been like yourself lately; what ails you? what's amiss?" and she hung about him affectionately. He put her quietly aside, after a minute or two, and bade her go to bed.

Long before daylight John was ready. He took down a gun that hung over the chimney, deliberately cleaned it, loaded it, and concealing it partially under his coat, he left the house stealthily, and set off on the high-road to Bartinglas. His countenance was wicked and deadly under the cloud of night. But no one met him; no one saw him to suspect on what evil errand he was bound. He had heard the young clerk say to Lina, out in the garden, before they parted: "Early to-morrow morning I'm going over to Bartinglas. Meet me there at noon, Linny, and we'll have a walk in the wood without that spying fiery-faced clown to watch us!" "Hush, he'll hear!" was Lina's response; and, on the instant, there came a devilish thought into John's head. "I'll spoil your meeting. I'll be beforehand with you, my fine gentleman—you shall not ridicule me to Lina again!"

As he walked, the rain continued to stream down in torrents. When he came to a little thick copse by the road-side, he hid himself among the trees. There was partial shelter for him overhead, but he stood in the tall wet reeds and grass. No matter: the chill did not cool his hot blood, nor quench the fire of jealous rage that was consuming him, and he waited there until the morning began to break through the dense watery clouds. Then he established himself under a careful covert, where he could see the road from Brigham, but would be himself unseen by any one approaching from that direction. The rain had ceased, but a thick vapor rose from the fields and dense vegetation about him. His watch was prolonged; he began to feel pains in his limbs and head, and giddiness. He found that he could scarcely steady his hands to raise the gun; not from any failure in his purpose, but from sheer physical inability. At last he heard the trot of a pony on the road, and the clear whistle of the young clerk. With a mad haste he tried to raise the gun. But his arm failed him. It was suddenly struck with such weakness that he could not lift the weapon above his own breast; and in that moment his deadly chance was lost. He sprang out into the road, with the intention of dragging the stranger from his horse and beating him to death; but his foot slipped on the mud of the bank, and he fell prostrated on his face. The clerk, hearing the noise, turned, rode back, and recognized the mason whom he had seen at Lina's cottage.

"Eh! what, poaching!" he cried, as John reared his indignant head and stumbled upon his feet; "take my warning, Giles, if that's your name, and leave the game to them it belongs to. There's only one step, and that a short one, as I've heard say, between poaching and sheep-stealing." And with that he trotted off, whistling his tune, and leaving John more wroth than before. He was half mad as he staggered home and restored the gun to its place over the chimney. His mother was just stirring. He had sense enough left to crawl into his chamber so stealthily that she should not suspect he had been absent all night. But for any rest he could get, he might have had his body stretched upon the rack and the tooth of an active devil gnawing at his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was full three months before John Harland set foot over the threshold again; and when he did so at last, it was as a gaunt spectre, crippled and deformed by rheumatism in almost every limb. Toward the close of a sunshiny September afternoon, when the village was empty, every available hand being engaged in the harvest-field, he said to his mother, who was sitting with her knitting in the open door-way,

"Mother, how long is it since Lina Fernie came to see after me? I haven't heard her voice for days—weeks, I think."

"It is weeks, John. Be advised by me, and give up thinking about her," was the pleading reply.

"It is all very easy to say give up thinking about her; but it is none so easy to do," said John, bitterly. "I mean to hear my fate from her own lips; and if you'll reach me down my plaid I'll go and see her now—she never goes to the harvest."

"Wait a bit longer, John; wait a bit longer—you can't bear any thing yet."

"And you think she'll have nothing more to say to me?" asked the young man, hoarsely.

"Oh, Johnny, lad! don't look so wretched, she's never worth it. She's never worth thy good heart!"

A miserable contortion passed over his features as his mother uttered the last words. No one but himself knew what evil intentions had been bred in that good heart, which a merciful Providence had frustrated. He rose with a stick and crutch and hobbled to the door. Oh, what a wreck he was! But not such a wreck as he might have been if God had left him his strength unparalyzed on that terrible night when he went out intent on shedding blood. His mother brought his plaid and wrapped it all round him, and then kissed his sallow, sickly face fervently.

"Remember, Johnny, thee has me always, me that loved thee first, and will always love thee best!" she cried, as she let him go.

"Something tells me I'll have need to remember it, mother," he replied; "but I can't bear this torture of waiting any longer, and I'll know the worst at once."

She watched him down the village street, and saw him disappear within Fernie's cottage; not five minutes elapsed before he came out again. It was sad—oh, it was more than sad—to see the painful haste with which he toiled up the sunny, dusty street. His mother ran to meet him, and helped him in doors, not thinking of questioning him, so terrified was she at the expression of rage and agony that convulsed his features. He dropped upon the settle with a groan, and hid his face. After a moment he burst into a womanish passion of tears, which shook his crippled form vehemently. The mother watched him, and knew what it meant. The whole hope, dream, joy of his life was gone from him—forever gone.

It was many weeks before John brought himself to speak of his brief interview with Lina; he then told his mother what had passed.

"Lina," said he, "was sitting by the window, and she gave a scream when she saw me. 'Eh, John, but what a miserable lamester you are!' and laughed. I suppose there was something startling in my changed looks. I asked her if she meant to keep her word by me; and her answer was, 'Nay, John, I never loved you much, and you must be out of your head to think I shall marry you now!' And so I left her, laughing at my hobbling walk. That's Lina!"

CHAPTER V.

JOHN HARLAND is a gray-headed old man now—harsh, bitter, unlovely: tainted through and through with the poison of his disappointment. A kind word, a kind deed, are not altogether strange to him, perhaps; but he hides them, as something of which he is ashamed. He says all the world is selfish, and crafty, and cruel.

As for Lina, beautiful, vain, unfeeling, she has been in her grave these many years: though where she lies, or how she died, we can not tell. No one wept for her, no one felt for her, but him whom she despised. John knows what became of her. His charity found her in her despair, and gave her a grave; but how, or when, or where, he never said; and none of those left in Brigham who knew her care to ask. She was not much beloved.

OLD CUSTOMS.

Sir Josiah Child, a wise and great man in his generation, sending out instructions from the East India Company, in the reign of King Charles the Second, imperiously told Mr. Vaux that he expected his orders were to be his rules, and not the laws of England; which were a heap of nonsense compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen, who hardly knew how to make laws for the government of their private families, much less for the regulating of companies and foreign commerce.

Other persons, not so learned or so wise as Sir Josiah, came to a similar conclusion for cogent reasons. The farmers of Sussex, for instance, found it simply impossible to live unless they were allowed to export the wool of the sheep that fed upon their great downs; and even the most respectable of them became participators in a very peculiar kind of smuggling, which consisted in getting prohibited goods out of the kingdom. This owling trade, as it was called, became regularly organized in defiance of the law, and was carried on to a vast extent in Romney marshes and along the Sussex coast. The smugglers trusted the farmers, and the farmers trusted the smugglers. A kind of code of honor, or local morals, was established among them, and was rarely infringed on. In such a state of things—the direct creation of a foolish legislature—the revenue-officer who interfered with their business became naturally, in the people's eyes, the evil-doer; while the free-trader, as he was then generally called, was considered the friend of all. So widely and deeply had these feelings taken root in these parts a century and more ago, that there was scarcely a farmer, a tradesman, a clergyman, or a gentleman, who had not actively sympathized with the unlawful trade.

A curious and instructive evidence of the degree in which this spirit had spread and corrupted the minds of the people is to be found in the history of the murder of Daniel Chater and William Galley, which occurred in the neighborhood, in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-seven, which we will now relate, with strict adherence to the facts, as sworn to at the trials of the murderers.

In September of that year one John Dymond, a shepherd, and, no doubt, an agent for others, agreed with a number of smugglers to go over from the Sussex coast to the island of Guernsey to smuggle a large quantity of tea. The smugglers named their price, and proceeded, like business-men, to execute their commission; but unusual ill-luck befell them. On the way back they fell in with a revenue-cutter, which gave chase. They were forced to run their vessel ashore and abandon her; and the revenue-officers, though they captured no men—and were not likely to capture any men while a farm-house or other lurking-place could be found in the country—carried the vessel into the port of Poole, in Dorsetshire, and lodged its cargo in the custom-house there.

Such an interference with the trade of the neighborhood did not fail to cause considerable excitement. The ladies' lace, the landed gentleman's claret, might be cut off next; nay, the very rents of his tenants might be wanting; for, though at every burial the deceased was declared on oath to be buried in woolen dead-clothes, Sussex farmers could still find no sufficient demand for their fleeces without sending them abroad. Something, it was clear, ought to be done; and although the respectable portion of the population were disinclined to be the first to move, the bold smugglers of the county might safely reckon upon public sympathy in any reasonable attempt to administer a lesson to the common enemy.

Toward the end of the month a body of smugglers, to the amount of sixty and upward, held a night meeting by torch-light in a solitary part of Charlton forest. All were well provided with fire-arms, and Dymond, the nominal proprietor of the seized cargo, was there. At this meeting a plan was arranged. Accordingly, on the night between the sixth and seventh of the next month, they proceeded to act. They appear to have had little fear of any thing save a company of soldiers; who, being but lately posted in the neighborhood, might be supposed to be wanting in sympathy with the general feeling of the inhabitants. To meet this difficulty, portions of the gang were stationed at different places on the road to secure a retreat; and about thirty of the number, well armed, marched boldly into the town of Poole, seized and pinioned the revenue-officers, and broke into the custom-house. Here, to their great joy, they found the whole of their cargo of tea—about thirteen or fourteen hundred weight—a quantity in those days of very large value. This, in the midst of a large town and by a bright moon, they loaded on pack-horses, and then rode leisurely away through the streets and along the high-road. Nor could any body afterward find the men, or guess their names, or say whose were the horses, or trace one ounce of the tea, or discover any one, far or near, who had seen any thing or knew any thing whatever of these proceedings. The lawyer shrugged his shoulders; the farmer laughed a horse laugh; the landed gentleman winked over his claret at his guest. His Majesty's proclamation, posted up at toll-gates and on fences, was torn down or daubed with mud. The local code of morals was honorably observed. Somebody may have had information to give, but no mouth was opened to give it.

Yes: there lived at that time at Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, close adjoining, a shoemaker named Daniel Chater—one of those unsocial men who are out of tune with the spirit of their time and neighborhood, or—let us not be too hard—he may have been poor; a distraint for rent may have been hanging over him. Money, by a certain day and hour, may have been absolutely necessary to save him from ruin or disgrace. This man knew Dymond; and it happened that the smuggling escort passed at daylight, after the breaking open of the custom-house, through Fordingbridge. How little Dymond imagined that any one man in that village would be so base as to betray the party is evidenced by a touching circumstance. Seeing Chater standing in his little garden by the road-side, Dymond stopped one of the horses, dismounted, and shaking hands with his acquaintance over the fence, conversed with him for a moment. Dymond then drove on with the rest of the gang. After the King's proclamation was out, a suspicion had, somehow or other, arisen against Dymond; Chater then recalled this fact, and felt no doubt that he was one of the party. Chater accordingly opened a correspondence with the custom-house officers, one of whom, a Mr. William Galley, was dispatched with a letter to Major Batten, a Sussex Justice of the Peace, with instructions to pass through Fordingbridge, and take Daniel Chater with him, keeping their business secret, as they hoped to escape the vengeance of the neighborhood.

The shoemaker and his companion rode away quietly through the Sussex lanes, taking counsel with no one, till they came to Chichester, where they were forced to inquire after Major Batten. Here they heard that the Justice of the Peace was at Stanstead, near Rowland Castle. To this place they accordingly set out, going through Leigh, where they met some respectable men named Austin, and asked of them their way. The Austins were going in the same direction, and offered to direct them. All this had caused delay; and, in asking after Major Batten, they had been compelled to reveal their destination to several persons—a revelation which, if the officer should happen to be known to any one in that part, would have been dangerous. But the officer had come from Southampton, many miles off, and had no apprehensions. Their prudent course, however, was clearly to go on without delay upon their business; but, coming into the village of Rowland Castle on the Sunday about noon, and being hot and weary, they stopped at the White Hart, a good inn kept by Elizabeth Payne, widow, who had two sons, blacksmiths, in the same village. Payne is still a common name in these parts, and Widow Payne's family had no doubt too deep a root in the neighborhood to be without the common feeling of the place and time. She had her misgivings about these men. One of them, at least, was a good judge of rum. While the two new-comers were eating and drinking, she called Austin, their recent guide, aside, and told him "she was afraid they were come to do the smugglers hurt." This offensive suspicion had never crossed the mind of Austin. He told her they were going to Major Batten's—that he "did not suspect any harm, for they were merely carrying a letter to the Major."

This, however, only convinced Widow Payne of the correctness of her surmises, and she privately sent one of her blacksmith sons, who was then in the house, for two men, named William Jackson and William Carter, who lived hard by. While the son was gone, Chater and Galley wanted to be going, and asked for their horses; but Mrs. Payne told them that the man was gone out with the key of the stables, and would be home shortly, which, it is supposed, was but a trick of hers to occasion delay. As soon as Jackson came in he called for "a pot of hot," and while that was getting ready Carter arrived. Mrs. Payne immediately took them aside, and told them her suspicions concerning the two strangers, who were going with a letter to Major Batten. She then advised George Austin to go away about his business, telling him "as she respected him he had better go, and not loiter about, lest he should come to some harm." Upon this hint he promptly went away.

Things soon began to look still more ominous for the officer and his friend; but, with a strange infatuation, they lingered, drinking while waiting for the stable-key. So far from taking alarm at the number of men who now came dropping in one after the other, they congratulated themselves on finding so much good company, and smoked and drank till their business almost faded from their minds. Dusk was coming on, and, although not drunk, they were hardly in a fit condition to deliver themselves on important business to a military gentleman, and a justice of the peace. Chater grew sleepy-eyed, and talked foolishly about himself and his own cleverness, and of what great men had been shoemakers. Jackson, taking advantage of this, walked with him into the garden, and asked him how he did, and where Dymond, the shepherd, was. Chater said he believed he was in custody, but where or how he did not know; adding, like a fool, as indeed the drink had made him, "that he was going to appear against him, which he was sorry for, but could not help it."

Galley soon after came into the garden, suspecting that Jackson was persuading him not to persist in giving information against the smugglers; and upon Galley's desiring his friend to come in, Jackson said, "What is that to you?" and, being a powerful man, he struck the unfortunate revenue-officer a blow which set his mouth and nose bleeding, and knocked him down. Galley then incautiously said he was the King's officer. Jackson replied, with another oath, "You a King's officer? I'll make a King's officer of you; and, for another gill, I'll serve you so again." Offering to strike him again, one of the Paynes cried, "Don't be such a fool; do you know what you are doing?"

The two strangers now became uneasy, and wanted, at all risks, to be going; but Jackson, Carter, and the rest of the smuggling party persuaded them to stay and drink more rum, and make it up; for they were sorry, they said, for what had happened. Night having now overtaken them, it would be very inconvenient to go on to their destination. They decided to stay, and the party sat down again together. It was near the time for closing the door of the White Hart, but the whole of the guests remained. Their number had increased—and this fact alone ought to have alarmed the officer and his companion still more; but they were now fast losing all fear. Chater bragged of being the only friend of the Government in the whole neighborhood, and talked of bringing down the smugglers very soon; and sometimes, in his foolish eyes, the room became a court of law, in which he held forth, to a misty-looking judge and jury, upon the wickedness of smuggling; for, blinded by his drunken folly, he did not see the darkening faces of the men about him, nor note the ominous silence in which they listened to his vague words. Nor was Galley more sober, although, with the habitual prudence of his profession, he nudged his friend from time to time, and bade him hold his tongue. In this state the two were at last led up to bed.

And now the White Hart doors are closed; the place is silent, and the lights are out, save in one room—the room in which the strangers had been sitting—where the company that they had left there still lingered—not a man of them offering to stir. Something was in the minds of all; although, perhaps, even the most daring knew not exactly what was to be done. Nor did any vision visit the two strangers, with a sudden shudder through the blood, to rouse them from their drunken sleep, or warn them of the horrors of that night.

After a while two of the gang stole up stairs, listening at the door. Hearing the snoring of the sleeping men, they entered the room. Here they found Galley and Chater lying in their clothes upon their bed; and gently moving Chater, who was much too sound asleep to heed them, they took from his pocket the letter to the justice. This was quietly brought down and read in the kitchen to the smugglers, to whom it revealed exactly the bearer's errand. This inflamed their rage still more; and they held a consultation as to what was to be done. One proposed to take them both to a well near the house, to murder them, and to throw them in. One, more humane, offered to take them prisoners, and send them over to France; but that was objected to, as there was a probability of their coming back and betraying every thing. Another said, if the company agreed, he would take them away to some place, where they should be confined till it was known what should be the fate of Dymond, the shepherd; and, in the mean time, all should allow threepence a week to support them; determining that, whatever might be Dymond's fate, theirs should be the same. But the majority were in no mood for such tenderness or trifling. The wives of both Jackson and Carter were present; and Jackson's wife sprang up, and, with a furious gesture, exclaimed, "Hang them like dogs! don't they come to hang us?" But even this was far from satisfying their cruel purpose.

Jackson began the movement. He went up into the room in which the two men were lying, and, having deliberately fastened a large pair of spurs on his horseman's boots, he sprang upon the bed, and began to strike the sleepers on the face and forehead with the rowels till they were covered with blood; beating them at the same time with a short, thick horse-whip, and calling upon them to get up. The unfortunate men sprang out of bed, and found themselves seized at once, and dragged down into the room below. Prayers for mercy brought them only oaths, and blows, and warnings to be silent, in return. The smugglers then took them out of the house; but one of their number returned, with a pistol cocked in his hand, and swore that he would shoot through the head any person who should mention what he had seen or heard.

Meanwhile, having taken their horses from the stable, and stripped the two men of their coats (which were found afterward, stained with blood, by the road-side), they placed them both upon one of the horses, tying their legs together under his belly; Jackson having asked particularly for a belt or a cord for that purpose. In this condition they proceeded a little way, when Jackson, who was like a furious maniac, cried out, "Whip 'em, cut 'em, slash 'em, damn 'em!" And then all fell upon them with whips, save the one who was leading the horse; for the roads were so bad that they were obliged to go slowly. Thus they tortured the men till they came to Woodash, which was only half a mile from the place where they began. Here their victims, writhing with the pain, fell off, with their heads under the horse; their legs, which were tied, appearing over the back. When their tormentors found this they set them upright again, and continued whipping them over the head, face, and shoulders till they came to Dean, about half a mile further; the horse still going at a very slow pace, and stumbling over the rutty, broken roads, which increased their agony. Here they slipped, and fell under the horse again, as before, with their feet in the air.

This time, however, they were too weak to sit upon the horse at all; upon which the tormentors separated them, and two of the smugglers mounted upon the horses, one took Chater, and the other Galley, on his back, where the torture was continued, till the two smugglers, themselves receiving some of the blows, called out to the others to desist. All this time Jackson rode beside the two men, with a pistol cocked, swearing that if they groaned loudly he would blow their brains out. They then agreed to go up with them to Harris's well, in Ladyholt Park, which was the property of John Caryll, a Catholic gentleman, and a friend of the poet Pope. Here they took Galley from the horse, meaning to throw him down into the well. The wretched man rejoiced at this, begging them to dispatch him at once. But the fiend Jackson said, with a fearful oath, "No! If that's the case, we must have something more to say to you!" They then put him on the horse again, and whipped him over the downs, till he fell off once more, and they laid him across the saddle, with his breast downward, as a butcher does a calf, and one squeezed him in a way so horribly cruel that the poor fellow groaned very much, and cried aloud that he could not bear it; and at last said, "I am falling, I am falling." One of the gang giving him a push, he fell heavily, and some thought he had broken his neck and was dead; although, from a horrible circumstance afterward discovered, it was known that he was not.

It should not be forgotten, in considering these barbarities as an indication of the feeling against the revenue-officers in those days, that not one of these men had any direct interest in the case of Dymond and the smuggled tea, which had been taken out of the custom-house at Poole, a place further distant from them than London, and separated by a whole county. Nor were they, in the usual sense, smugglers, or importers of smuggled goods; but were only persons interested in smuggling, more or less.

Supposing Galley to be dead, they then laid him upon a horse; and as they were going up a dirty lane, one said, "Let us seek a place to carry them to." So little were they afraid of witnesses, that they went to the house of one Pescod, and, knocking at the door, the daughter came down, when they said they had got two men whom they wanted to bring into the house. The girl told them her father was ill. But they insisting that she should go up and ask him to let them in, she did, and brought down word that her father would suffer nobody to be brought there; and the men returned to their companions.

It was now some hours past midnight; the weather being very raw and cold. Coming to the village of Keeke, they went boldly and knocked up the landlord of the Red Lion there, and his family, who came down and made them a fire, and got them food. They told the landlord that they had had an engagement with some officers, had lost their tea, and were afraid that several of their people were killed. The body of Galley they kept concealed in a brewhouse at the back of the premises. When they had refreshed themselves they went away; but one of them shortly after came back to the landlord and asked him if he could find out a place hard by where he had before concealed some goods. The landlord said he remembered it, but he could not go with them. The smugglers insisted he should; and they then took a candle, a lantern, and a spade, and went away together, and joined the rest. Coming to the spot they were in search of—a miry hollow, deep down among briers and withered leaves—they began to dig a hole, the landlord of the Red Lion working with them. His excuse afterward was, that "it being a very cold morning, he helped, and did not think what it was for." Into this hole they hastily thrust the body of Galley, all cut and bruised, and in his blood-stained clothes—dead, as they thought him; but a terrible evidence was afterward found that, even now, some life remained, for his hands were discovered held up to his face, as if to keep the dirt, as they shovelled it upon him, out of his mouth and eyes.

Thus did poor Galley at length find release from his barbarous enemies. Terrible as was his fate, however, it was milder and more merciful in its speedy end than that which befell the shoemaker, who had bragged at the White Hart so boldly of his deeds. When they had buried Galley, all the party, save two, returned to the Red Lion, and there sat eating, drinking, and smoking the whole of the day. The two that had not joined them were sent in charge of Daniel Chater, their remaining victim; who, being the informer, and the chief cause of the betrayal of the tea-smugglers, they determined to submit to even worse torture than his companion had endured. Mills, an old man, and his companion, accordingly took Chater to a place called a skilling, or turf house, belonging to Mills, in a solitary place on the border of a wood. Here they fastened their prisoner by a heavy iron chain, about three yards long; where, all day long, the smoke of burning peat curling under his eyes and nostrils, save when a breath of wind came to his relief, made him grievously sore, and almost choked him. On the Wednesday, being the third night after the outrage at Rowland's Castle, the whole gang met again at the Red Lion, to consult what further cruelties to inflict on Chater, who was still alive. One of the number said, "Let us load a gun, clap the muzzle to his head, and we will tie a long string to the trigger, when we will all of us lay hold of it and pull it!" But this was rejected, "as it would put him out of his pain too soon." Finally, they came to the resolution of carrying him up to Harris's, in Ladyholt Park, there to treat him as they had intended to treat Galley.

All this while Chater was suffering the most horrible torture; being continually visited by one or other of his enemies, who swore at him and struck him cruel blows. When at length the whole party came down to the turf house, Tapner, one of them, pulled out a huge clasp-knife, and dancing and gesticulating like a madman, rushed at the unhappy man, who was still chained, crying, "Down on your knees to prayers!" The poor shoemaker accordingly knelt down slowly and feebly on the turf, and began to pray; but while he was so engaged, one of their number went behind him and kicked him, upbraiding him for being "a preaching villain," and saying, "We have done for Galley, and we will do for you!" Then Tapner, without any provocation from the poor man—who was indeed now too weak and wretched even to complain—rushed at him again and drew his knife across his nose, whereby he almost cut both his eyes out. Still the wretched creature only uttered a groan, and bent his head; but Tapner, not yet satisfied, rushed at him in another fit of frenzy and struck again, but this time a little higher, so that the knife made a deep gash across his forehead.

They then placed him on a horse, and set out for Harris's Well, Tapner whipping him all the way, till seeing that he was bloody, he went up to him, and swore if the blood should stain the saddle he would destroy him instantly. Thus, in the dead of the night, they came up to the well in the park, which was between twenty and thirty feet deep, and paled round to keep the cattle from falling in. Tapner then pulled a cord out of his pocket and tied it with a noose round the neck of their victim, and bade him get over the pales to the well. The poor man, scarcely unwilling to obey, seeing an opening occasioned by some decayed pales, would have gone through this, but was prevented by the others, who swore he should get over, having all the while the rope round his neck, and being extremely weak.

As soon as he had got over the pales, Tapner

took one end of the rope and tied it round the rail in the opening where the pales were broken, there being no roller to the well, which was dry and abandoned. They then pushed him into the well; but the length of the rope would not suffer his body to hang above knee-deep in it, so that the upper part appeared above the low brick parapet, hanging by the rope about the neck. Here, however, as his body leaned against the wall, the weight did not strangle him; and, after a quarter of an hour, they got over, cut the rope, and dropped the body, head foremost, down. They then listened, and could still hear him groan. At this they went to a man who was a gardener, and woke him up, and asked him to lend them a ladder and a rope, which he did; but they could not move the ladder, and returned without it to the well, where they could still hear the unfortunate Chater feebly moaning. At this, they procured two old gate-posts that were lying on the ground within the park, which they cast down together with some heavy stones; when, listening again, they could hear nothing, and were satisfied that he was dead. After this they killed the horse that they had stolen, took his hide off, and cut it into small pieces, and made away with them to prevent any discovery. Galley's body was not found till long after. Chater, when discovered in the well, presented a piteous spectacle, with the rope about his neck. His eyes appeared to be cut or picked out; his boots and spurs were on, but one of his legs "came short off" when they lifted the body.

At least fifteen persons were actively engaged in these horrible proceedings. Many others had been openly spectators of much that had been done, and had rendered assistance to the murderers, while for three days they had gone about the country; but the Government could obtain no tidings whatever of the missing men. Galley's coat being found all blood-stained by the road-side, as we have stated, it was imagined that they had been either murdered or carried abroad by the smugglers, but how no one appeared to know. A proclamation was issued, with a large reward; but for seven months no information was received as to who were the murderers. At length, however, in the usual course of such histories, a magistrate received a letter from one who had witnessed some part of their proceedings; and, shortly after, one of the murderers coming in, and voluntarily surrendering himself, probably from fear of the rest, he became King's evidence, and the greater number were tried and sentenced to be hanged—some of them in chains.

While awaiting their execution, being all ironed and stapled down and well guarded, most of them behaved with extreme levity, eating and drinking regularly without any seeming concern, and talking freely to the people who, according to the custom of the time, were allowed to come in and see them. One of the prisoners, an old man of sixty, asked the clergyman, gayly, when he thought they should be hanged? Being reproved, he answered that, "According to the common course of nature, he could not have lived above a year or two longer; that, as to the murder, it gave him little trouble, as he had but small hand in it. As to the charge of smuggling, he owned he had been concerned in that trade for a great many years, and did not think there was any harm in it." His son said, "He was not present when the murders were done; though, if he had, he should not have thought it any great crime." One said, he "had had many engagements with the revenue-officers, and been wounded three times." Another, when told they must go up to receive judgment, "What a-devil do they mean by that? Could not they do our whole business last night, without obliging us to come again, and wear out our shoes?" But there were some less hardened; and Jackson, one of the cruelest of the number, was no sooner measured for the chains in which he was to be hung, than he was struck with such terror that he died in two hours after. The old man Mills, however, was unchanged to the last. He cursed the executioner for making him stand on tip-toe, and bade him "not hang him by inches."

We live in a better age; but many foolish customs are still entered on our revenue commissioners' book, violating great principles, and needlessly perpetuating the smuggler's trade—duties upon articles of two or three times greater amount than the value of the goods themselves—most of these articles comprising, like tea and brandy, a large value in a small bulk. The risk of carrying such things, like all other risks, may be exactly estimated and insured against, at a certain price. When this price is less than the duty, smuggling, in spite of custom-houses and coast-guards, will go on, the revenue will be cheated, and the bold smuggler retain some shadow of his old popularity.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

CHAPTER III.

THE next two years of Mrs. Armour's life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety wearing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent kingdoms restored, deeply-seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr. Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said "No."

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour last crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a mid-summer Sunday morning, still and hushed.

By-and-by, the country people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into the shade; sobered-down matrons, whose dressy days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in.

At last the congregation are all in.

Mrs. Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she or her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon begun, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejectment. But no; when he arrived at Mrs. Armour's seat he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs. Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

"It's a gentleman wantin' tae speak tae ye, Mrs. Armour," said the beadle. "See!" and he pointed to Mrs. Armour's house, "there's a post-chaise at your door. I'm thinking he would come in it."

And as he stopped speaking, Jeanie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr. Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

"I dare say, Mrs. Armour," he began, "ye'll wonder what's brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an auld friend cam in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he's been long abroad, an' this is his ain country; sae naething wad ser' him but he maun be out the day. He's no in very gude health, an' that maks folk restless, ye ken."

Mr. Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs. Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason: they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

Mr. Boyd went on again: "It's ten years sin' he's been at hame, Mrs. Armour"—glancing at her black dress—"an' it's just ten years sin' I didna ken how tae tell ye that your gudeman had left ye; an' now"—he motioned his hand toward the chaise.

"Somebody that knew George," said Mrs. Armour; if he has any thing good to tell of him, he will be welcome indeed."

They had got nearly close to the carriage-door, when a head was put out, and there, haggard, thin, and blanched, Jeanie again saw her husband's handsome face! She stood fixed to the ground.

He said: "Jeanie, will ye take me in?"

All that she could gather strength to say was, "Yes."

The elderly ladies, her kinswomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr. Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and said, "That's a woman."

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr. Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road after seeing them into the house—"women are curious beings; it's a question now but she makes more of him than if he had staid at home all the time and done his duty."

However, greatly pleased with the issue of his journey, he soon re-entered the chaise, and left them to themselves.

Now, our readers—at least the feminine portion of them—are sure that we have nothing more to say than that George Armour returned home a wiser and a better man; that native air and good nursing restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

CHAPTER IV.

DURING eight years he had been tossing from one State of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his wages penuriously, then herding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for any thing he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array; but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell on his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessaries of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the stores most needed at the gold fields. By this venture he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if any thing, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, it was all over with him. If it is come to that, thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr. Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. He still believed in himself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jeanie if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying something of an introductory kind, than that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, which we have only hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was rather an exemplary character than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She believed his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had returned the same selfish and exacting man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not bear it. Miss Bogle and Miss Elder instantly stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Elder, left to herself, would gladly have continued it; so Jeanie was reduced to the allowance which her husband doled out to her as if it had been his life's blood; living in a place like that ought, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead irksome to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not feel natural affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with an over-friendly eye; he found people generally shy of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of M'Coll, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular; and when he got a pony, M'Coll accompanied him in his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his hands. The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity brought about a lull in his disease, although it was short-lived.

The greater his debility became, M'Coll's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, insisted on relieving Mrs. Armour by taking turns with sitting up at night with him. Jeanie did not much like M'Coll, but she had no choice, and so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should tie himself, hour by hour, to the sick-bed of a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; certainly, she thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although she could not like him, and would have preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the riddle was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected M'Coll in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want any thing, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George Armour's fell upon the weary, crushed spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Her love for her husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words, which any body might have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief flutter of hope—that night she sounded the depths of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, M'Coll came, and Jeanie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jeanie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw M'Coll in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to George's bedside, and she heard him say: "She's as sound as a top." Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened; the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face. Jeanie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the stinging repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gleam of kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: "Have you got witnesses?"

"All right," replied M'Coll; "when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second."

"Begin, then," said Armour.

And M'Coll, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jeanie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and gave him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, she rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: "George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your own flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?" and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: "M'Coll, you want witnesses. I am here to witness that you mean to rob the widow and the orphan." The pen dropped from George's hand, and M'Coll grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, cowered before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, lifting the useless paper, said: "I suppose, Armour, I may as well go?"

"Yes, go now," replied George; "and come back to-morrow night, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it."

M'Coll slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs. Armour led him to her husband's bedside; and there he saw those handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look in dead men's faces. George Armour had been quite in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now my story is really done, except that I may say that Jeanie found that what her husband had left would make her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honor to her.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE "JEANIE JOHNSON."

WE give herewith an engraving of the terrible situation of the captain, captain's wife and child, and the crew of the British bark *Jeanie Johnson*, which was abandoned at sea on the 31st of October. The *Jeanie Johnson* sailed from Quebec for Hull, with a cargo of deals, on 5th October. On 21st the terrible gale which has done so much mischief struck her, and she began to make water; next day the ship was full of water, and the bulwarks were washed away. We give the remainder of the story in the captain's own words:

"All hands now determined to take to the main rigging, as they did not know the moment the vessel might go down. My wife was in bed in the cabin, with her child, and I came to her and told her that 'we must all take to the main rigging.' She was very much affected by this news, but said she would go. So great was the danger that she had no time to put any clothes on her, scarcely, with the exception of a coat and one or two other loose garments. The night was not very cold at this time. We gathered up what bread we could, as some of it had been at the windward side of the vessel, where it escaped being spoiled by sea-water. We also took up a round of salt beef, some raw potatoes, and a ham of bacon. We tried to get some fresh water, but found that all the casks containing it had been washed overboard, except those in the forward part of the vessel, near the forecastle, which we could not get near, on account of the heavy seas that were now always rolling un-

interruptedly over the vessel. We were, consequently, without water. We secured ourselves in the maintop with canvas and ropes, which served us for shelter also. We could not sleep any, scarcely, that night. At seven o'clock the next morning, 23d, we saw a sail to leeward; she was also a bark, and she passed within about a mile of us. We managed to set a signal of distress, but the bark passed us without taking any notice of it, and we supposed that she did not see it. The storm continued to rage violently, and we were in continual danger, expecting the mainmast to go over the ship's side. The 23d was spent in a miserable manner by the whole of us. Our clothes were wet. We could not stretch ourselves, but were all huddled together without room to stir. Some of the men went down to the top of the deck-house for the purpose of stretching their legs. My child was quiet, sometimes slept a little, and occasionally cried for a drink, which he could not get. I can not say that my wife was more frightened than any of the rest of us, or that she said more about the danger. We kept our flag of distress flying now continually, but no vessel hove in sight after the bark passed until the 24th. On the 23d we all began to feel the want of fresh water. Every part of the vessel, except the upper part of the cabin and the masts, was always under water. On the night of the 23d some of the men slept on the roof of the cabin, and every night afterward till we were rescued. On the 24th, at noon, we saw a brig to leeward of us pass to the westward; but she did not notice us. I sometimes managed to get down from the rigging to stretch my limbs; but my wife never came down from the time she went up but once, when she tried to take a sleep in the cabin. This was on the sixth day after she went up to the maintopmast. She no sooner lay down, however, than a large sea came over the stern of the ship, washing into the cabin, and sweeping away the bed she was sleeping on, and drenching herself and the child with water. She then went up to the rigging again, and never came down afterward till the vessel came along to rescue us. On the night of the 24th our rudder was unshipped by a heavy sea, which also carried away the counter under it, and the ship was thenceforward unmanageable, and tossed round and round by the wind and waves. The want of water was greatly felt by every one on board now. On the 25th some light showers fell, but they were so dashed about by the force and fury of the wind that we could not catch them in the sails, and were glad to receive some drops which fell from the rigging into our mouths, though they tasted strongly of salt and tar. This was the first supply of water we received; and before we got it we were nearly exhausted for the want of it. My wife's lips were almost parched, and I was ready to faint myself from weakness. The water made me sick; and when the rain was over we were nearly as thirsty as ever. On the 26th we had another supply of rain, which we drank in the same way as the first we got. This water was better than the other — not so brackish, and more of it. We were relieved by this supply considerably. We could not eat the salt beef lest it would produce thirst, and we were frequently obliged to slice the raw potatoes and eat them, that their juice might wet our mouths. We also got small pieces of lead into our mouths, and kept chewing them to keep our mouths cool; and we fancied that this allayed our thirst in some measure. The weather continued much the same way as I have described it; the wind blowing from the same point that it had been blowing from all along, until the evening of the 27th, when the hurricane shifted to the north, and we had intense cold.

"We were now exhausted for want of proper sleep or a place to stretch ourselves; and this unfavorable change in the wind almost drove the men to despair. My wife was now the greatest sufferer. She could not stretch her limbs at all, and was nearly famished by cold and thirst. My child was also suffering very much from the same causes, and cried a good deal. The wind continued in the same point until the 30th and 31st, and the weather continued cold. On the 30th some snow, hail, and rain fell. We caught some of the hail, and relieved our thirst more than we had hitherto been able to do. About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 31st we espied a sail to windward; she bore down on us, and passed under our stern after five o'clock. She proved to be the Dutch bark *Sophie Elizabeth*, Captain Vanderheof, from Amsterdam, bound to New York. The captain then came to leeward, and hove his vessel to close by us. He then spoke us, thus: 'Have you any boats?'— 'We have not.' He then lowered his quarter-boat and sent her over to us. Five of us got into her, and she returned to the *Sophie Elizabeth* again. There was a very heavy sea running at the time, and it was with great peril that the boat could live. She then made two other trips, and took the remainder of us off; and it

THE CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN'S WIFE, AND CREW OF THE "JEANIE JOHNSON" HOUSED IN THE MAINTOP DURING THE GALE.

AN OPIUM-SMOKING SALOON.—[See next Page.]

was after six o'clock in the evening when we were all safely on board and the vessel again on her course. When we left the wreck she was much in the same condition as when her rudder became unshipped, and she was tossed about in all directions. We could scarcely move when we were rescued; but we met with great kindness from the captain and crew of the *Sophie Elizabeth*. I could not bear any thing to touch my feet for several days, and even to-day my boots cause me some pain. The limbs of every one of us became so sore that we could not walk the deck of the vessel for the first two or three days. My wife and child were very bad when they were taken off the wreck, and my wife could not stretch her limbs for some days. They are both now almost recovered, but still delicate from the effects of their sufferings. I will always feel deeply grateful to the captain and crew who rescued me and my wife and child from the condition we were in on board the wreck."

AN OPIUM-SMOKING SALOON.

THE engraving on preceding page will give a fair idea of the famous opium-smoking saloons which abound in all Chinese cities. The habit of smoking opium, and the fatal consequences it entails, have already been described in this journal.

Around the room in which the opium-smokers sit are placed wooden or cane couches, with wooden pillows for the head, these being chosen in preference to softer materials as being cooler. A girl ministers to the wants of the debauchees—lights their pipes, gives them liquor if they desire it, and finally, when they are overcome by the drug, helps to carry them into an inner apartment. Two pipes, each of which gives the smoker a couple of whiffs, will overcome a beginner; an old hand will continue smoking for a long time. The correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* thus describes the scene depicted in the engraving:

"In the hours devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen, at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking under the effect of the pipe; while the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, while an idiot smile upon their countenances proves them too completely under the influence of the drug to regard passing events, and fast merging into the wished-for consummation. The last scene of this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of *morgue*, or dead-house, where lie those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying."

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *November*, 1858.

I DO not know why—it is, perhaps, because I am growing old and that impressions are often more colored by one's inward sensations than by outward objects—but certainly the first aspect of Paris does not now fill me with joy and gayety, as of yore, when reaching it from its sombre and serious sister capital. It certainly did not look enchanting yesterday. There was fog and a cold easterly wind. The Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix are in all the disorder and bad odors consequent upon the laying down of a huge sewer, which is to thoroughly drain all that quartier—a very desirable project, but not pretty to witness in execution, and seeming to dim the glories of the shop-windows as well as to make them difficult of access.

This afternoon a bright October sun made a drive in the Bois de Boulogne pleasant; and *there* all is in order, and so well-ordered and well-kept and giving seeming enjoyment and health to so many persons, not only to the "carriage people" (to make use of an English vulgar expression), but to groups of sauntering pedestrians and those happy families of "Pa" and "Ma" and two babies which one sees so commonly in the public walks and gardens in France. Papa carries the baby proper, and mamma leads its year older brother. There they are, the *Parisian* family. It will rarely be increased in number, only when baby and brother marry and beget each two babies. It surprises one that, in fine weather, one always sees these family parties, which in England, in the same class, are strictly confined to the Sunday, and one wonders how they can afford to be idle on other days here. I suppose it is that they keep as *fêtes* saints' days and name days, etc.

It is the improvements in the Bois de Boulogne which, I should think, have done more to reconcile the Parisians with Louis Napoleon than any other of the great and manifold embellishments which his persevering liberality has given to their capital. Indeed, when one hears that "the Emperor is unpopular," one is tempted to inquire "for what reason" excepting that of the historical fickleness of the people he governs? Even his critics admit that their countrymen require "a master" and "a strong government," and that they do not understand or appreciate liberty as it is understood and valued in other countries where it is as essential as the breath or the bread of life. France has never held a higher place among the nations than at this moment, and its internal wealth and prosperity are day by day augmenting. There are, to be sure, some ugly statistics showing a decreasing population; but these are, in a degree, explained by the tendency of the working-classes to congregate in towns, and by past years of insufficient harvests and disturbed government; and, upon the whole, I do not believe the French have been more suitably governed since the short reign of Louis XVIII. than they are now. Indeed, I have heard many Legitimists say, so persuaded are they of this, that should they, by the death of the Duke de Bordeaux, be released from their present allegiance, their party would rally to the Emperor Louis Napoleon in preference to the Comte de Paris or any other of the Orleans family.

One missed, in one's drive to-day, the presence of the ever-lovely Empress and the little Prince and his imposing escort. And if that were all, *mais pour dire la verité*, one missed all one's loves and admirations. There were many strangers—Russians, Italians, Brazilians, Chilians, Mexicans, and our countrymen and countrywomen. The latter are in numbers in Paris, as usual at this season, and invading the best shops, and buying every thing most *distinguè* and *recherchè*; and what they reject will be set aside by the artful marchands for the less discriminating English *plus taid*. The autumnal fashions have not really appeared. They are kept back always until after the 1st of November—All Saints' Day. When the solemnity and sadness of that day and the succeeding, *le jour des morts*, are passed, come *les nouveautés* to cheer and amuse. Another day I shall, aided by some lady friend, give you an account of these, and which, I am sure, will be thought not the least interesting part of my letter by your lady readers.

I have seen no one yet but the English friend who drove me to the Bois de Boulogne, and who is on his way to spend the winter at Pau; "where," he told me with a grumbling tone, "my countrymen had secured all the best apartments, for which they were paying exorbitant prices." The English complain very much of us for this. They have, as it were, created the comfort which exists on the Continent in hotels and furnished apartments, and now they are excluded from its enjoyment by the outnumbering and overbidding of the Americans, who, of all nations, are the most luxurious, and spend the most, in proportion to their fortunes, upon the requirements of daily life.

As I do not see the American newspapers, I do not know if there have been circulated among you the rumors which have been current in all England, in the highest as in the lowest circles of its society, of the unhappiness of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia in her married life. It seems strange, indeed, how such reports should have originated; for nothing can be more false and unfounded. I lately dined in company with a gentleman who, a short time since, spent a week at Babelsburg in attendance upon the young Prince Alfred when he went to visit his sister there, and he says nothing can be more evident or more charming than the happiness of the newly-married pair. My informant dined every day for a week, and made several excursions with the Prince and Princess, and he describes the grace and gayety of heart of the latter (and which, at the age of seventeen, is not likely to be counterfeit) as something delightful to witness. It is cheering to hear this, for stories to the contrary were so reiterated and so circumstantial that one began to fear there was some coloring of truth in them; but so numerous were the anecdotes recited to me in proof of this gentleman's view of the matter, that I can no longer feel any doubt but that this eldest darling of the good Queen Victoria is as happy as she desires to be. And these are not mere words of course; for there, I believe, never existed a purer-minded, more truthful, charming creature than the Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

The companion of my drive yesterday was full of another recent marriage between a very different sort of couple. It is that which the timely death of his *légitime* enabled a certain Crimean hero to contract with a young lady who, though of good birth and connections, had for some time past degraded herself by being his concubine. They were married at Gibraltar; and it is said the Governor there invited Lord Cardigan to dinner, purposely ignoring the presence of my Lady Cardigan; upon which her husband wrote to the Governor to say, "That probably he did not know that Lady Cardigan was on board the yacht." Two days elapsed, and no notice having been taken of this intimation, Lord Cardigan wrote again to the Governor, and sent a fiery message, purporting his readiness to meet him with pistols when and where he would appoint. I have not heard whether any answer was returned to this communication; but it will be a more formidable affair than the fatal cavalry charge at Balaklava if my Lord Cardigan undertakes to fight all those who will not receive my lady. But it is well that circumstances have allowed this great scandal to end in a marriage, as the conspicuous position of the parties made it so glaring and so dreadful.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

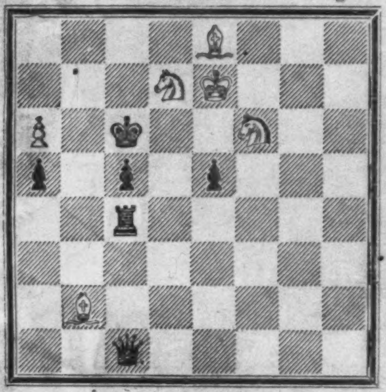
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"GEDREA." In giving place to your beautiful Chess stratagem below printed, we congratulate you as being the author of the very best two-move Problem which we have ever seen. It is well adapted to come next in succession to Loyd's No. VII.——"EVERYBODY." You are quite right; the mass of communications with which we are inundated renders it impossible to pay so much attention to each as we could wish. C. H. S. thinks seriously of resuscitating his old *American Chess Magazine* (1847) as a safety-valve.——Solutions to various Problems have been this week received as follows: W. H. J., "SUBSCRIBER" (Glenville, Ala.), A. O. W., E. J. G., C. T., F. R., J. L., A. G. C., and J. A. C. (Albany), and some few others; but although several of them as to S. L.'s No. VII. are right as far as they go, not more than three complete solutions have yet reached us. "THOMAS J. BROWN" (Richmond, Va.), "BUCKINGHAM," and "NAYANG" are right throughout each variation. Dr. R. is wrong at all points; also V. A. and many others.——J. F. S. (East Orange, Del.). Any elementary work will suit your purpose for the present. The early branches of the game can be very well learned from books.——C. H. A. (Madison, Ga.), also W. H. E. (Augusta, Ga.), and some others. We regret that we do not find it practicable to spare time for procuring and forwarding the *By-Laws*, etc., of the New York Club. The best way, we think, would be for our friends to address a letter to the Secretary of the New York Chess Club, 614 Broadway.——J. G. Always glad to hear from you. Your Problem is on file for early attention; as also those of "JACOBUS," "T. STRONG," Dr. R., "BUCKINGHAM," J. R., H. F. B. (Philadelphia), J. W., Jun. (Syracuse), J. P. M., R. F. M. (Boston), R. E. N. (Va.), F. H. M.——One word, by-the-way, to our contributors in general. We had rather not receive more than one position by the same author at a time; and would prefer that a second be not sent until the first may have been reported upon. We have on hand now, in several cases, as many as six from one party. We would suggest that the amount of work *dissipated* in six would have been better employed if *concentrated* upon one.——N. C. R., and others. The *annotation* and Chess Enigma question is unavoidably postponed this week, but by no means forgotten.——G. B. L. (Beverley Chess Club, Mass.). Both letters received—reply next week.——C. C. T. (Dunkirk). The old laws to which you refer were repealed long, long ago. There is but one way of castling nowadays, and that is very clearly defined in all modern works. It can be effected only under the following circumstances: Provided that neither King nor Rook has been previously moved; that the King be not in check at the time of intended castling; and that he does not pass over, in such act, a square commanded by an adverse piece; also that no piece intervenes between the King's and Rook's squares. The method of castling, then, is, move the King two squares toward the Rook, and place the Rook on the square next to the King on the other side whence the Rook started.——E. J. G. (Fond du Lac). A player can not be compelled to move a piece touched, if by so doing he would leave his King in check. The only penalty you can enforce is to make him move his King.

PROBLEM VIII.

BY "GEDREA."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt takes B	P to Kt 7 (*)
2. Q takes P (ch)	K moves
3. Q checkmates	
1. Or (*)	R to B or Kt 5
2. B to B 3 (ch)	K to R 5
3. Kt to Kt 6 (checkmate)	
1. Or (*)	Kt takes Kt
2. B to B 3 (ch)	K moves
3. R checkmates	

THE TELEGRAPHIC MATCH BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.—Hostilities between the belligerents in this case are for the present suspended. We are inclined to believe that both parties are somewhat surprised to find the length of time likely to be consumed in its completion. Five sittings having already taken place in which to accomplish a *drawn game*, renders it by no means improbable that twenty or thirty would be found necessary to place either in advance by even a single game.

CHESS IN EUROPE.—But little matter of interest appears to have transpired since our last notice in Transatlantic Chess. One fact we remark with a sort of pleasurable regret, which is, that we are not likely to welcome Mr. Morphy's return to his native country so soon as was anticipated. He will probably pass the winter in Paris, which will give him the opportunity of encountering Herr Anderssen, one of the few great players that he has not already met, and—but no matter.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BARRET WHITE, of the Green River country, as Kentuckians express it, was one of those rare men of which every country has something like him, but not identical. Big emotions, irrepressible humor, and rough, ill-connected, grammar-killing sentences were the chief exponents of this singular man. One day he and a friend were discoursing lustily on the morality of fighting. White brought down, with all his rude strength, his sledge-hammer logic in the following animated appeal: "Relativ," says White, "to that of a rassel or a tussel, what's the issue when it's broght to a test? Perhaps you'll throw a friend down—tear his clothes; you create an everlasting *pre-ju-di-ce*, an' thar is an *en-d* of it. I'll be hanged if I'd do it, *at all!*"

The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication-*table*. It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is yet as good as new.

Stanton S. Coffy, of Russel County, Kentucky, is an illiterate man, who, unconscious of any defect in his education, and constantly swollen with big notions of his superiority, and a superabundant vanity, is forever driving his prairie coulter into the cultivated fields of language, and is thereby led to commit some awful blunders of which the following is but one out of a thousand. Expatiating a few winters ago on a cold day, he said: "I war down on Cum'land River t'other day, an' 'scovered it war a turning cold very fast; an' I started home, an' it kept getting colder and colder, an' when I got opposite Mr. Greavers I tho't I'd stop an' see how cold it ware; an' I got down an' went into the house, an' found it ware three feet below Cairo by Mr. Greaver's gewholiker."

Henry the Eighth, after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess of Milan; but her answer was, "She had but one head: if she had two, one should have been at his service."

The following notice was posted up in the County of Kent: "Notice is hereby given, that the Marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) will not *shoot himself nor any of his tenants* till the 14th of September."

An alderman having grown enormously fat while in office, a wag wrote on his back, "Widened at the expense of the Corporation."

The following "puff" of Josephus's books was probably written about the middle of the first century, and has a slight resemblance to some of the book and patent medicine "puffs" of the present day:

"King Agrippa to Josephus, his dear friend, sendeth greeting. I have read over thy book with great pleasure; and it appears to me that thou hast done it much more accurately, and with greater care, than the other writers. Send me the rest of these books. Farewell, dear friend."—*Life of Flavius Josephus*, § 65.

Aunt Betsy has said many good things, among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

At Cairo, on Cumberland River, in Tennessee, an old man, James Peck, received a letter from his son in Ohio, which was addressed as follows:

"ole jim Peck frum his
lovin sun jo Peck
all the wa frum the
Hi-o-s. (Ohio)
Kiroe—tenese

DENTIST (*to his patient*). "Hem! very odd! I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind—I'll try again. Of course I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them, no matter how many I take out."

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend with a cigar in his mouth.

"What made you leave home?" said his friend.

"Father and mother were so saucy," said he, "I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I quit 'em."

Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows, "Did you ever see a lunar bow, Miss?"

"I have seen beaux by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

Passing by our court-house, a few days ago, my attention was attracted by the following notice, which is certainly wise or otherwise:

NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONSERN.

I this day come to the conclusion to notify all persons not to traid with Sary B. Jonson withe the exectation of my paying it, or any dept she contracts. She left my house with out any caus or provication. She has maid the sepration hirsilf, and I shall not pay non of hir depts she contracts on my accounts.

August 10, 1858.

JOSHUA JONSON.

IN the southern part of Kentucky, the winter after the Presidential election of 1856, reports of the insurrection of the negroes were prevalent, and the excitement was so great that armed parties scoured the country, and Vigilance Committees were formed in many counties, before which all suspected negroes were brought, and fearfully dealt with to elicit their knowledge of or complicity in the "rising."

The Committee in Hopkinsville had before them an old free negro named Rich; and the chairman, who was a noted old line Whig, and more recently an American, said to him, in a solemn manner:

"Richmond, you know what you are here for; and we wish you to tell these gentlemen all you know about the insurrection."

"Well, massa," answered Rich, energetically, "I been Whig all my life, and Whig yet; I bet my money on the Whig beatin' in the last election; and I think you and the other white folks what told me to bet it ought to make it up to me. That's all I knows 'bout the *res*urrection!"

A roar of laughter followed: and Rich's entire ignorance and innocence were subscribed to by a unanimous discharge.

"I was lately traveling," writes a correspondent, "down the Missouri River, below Leavenworth City, when the following colloquy occurred, at the top of their voices, between the captain of the steamer and a countryman on the shore:

"'Halloo, Captain! what will you charge to take me and my two horses and wagon and my wife and two children down to St. Louis?'

"'Five dollars each for you and your wife and the children, eight dollars apiece for the horses, and five dollars for the wagon!'

"'I can't do it, Captain; it's *too* much. But—halloo, Captain! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go *if you throw the children in!*'"

A Miss, whose one year at a boarding-school has only served to make her unnatural, and to give her an amusing fondness for polysyllabic words, lately addressed a lady who was about to take a seat in a stage-coach already quite crowded, "Oh, my dear Miss R——, how *can* you go? Indeed you'll be quite in *juxta-position* in there!"

"Do you think raw clams *is* healthy, Bob?"

"Yes, I do."

"Some folks say they isn't."

"I don't care what some folks say; but I never knew a raw clam to complain of being out *of health!*"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Dec.* 6, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Dec. 4, 1858	$3,632,667....	$715,520
Corresponding week, 1857	2,260,141....	1,238,898
Increase	$1,372,526	
Decrease		$523,378

The export of specie was trifling. Money is without change: it may be quoted, as before, at 4 per cent. for call loans; first-class endorsed, sixty or ninety days paper, 4 @ 5 per cent.; first-class, single name, 5 per cent.; good ordinary paper, 5 @ 6; over ninety days, 6 @ 8, according to quality. Exchange on Europe is higher again; we quote sterling (bankers') at 109¾ @ ⅞; commercial, 108¾ @ 109; francs 5.15 @ 17½.

In Stocks there is little or nothing to report. The Stock Market is in a state of stagnation, without great fluctuations, and without public interference of any kind. The operators of Wall Street have the whole field to themselves, and are buying and selling on their account without much profit or loss.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Dec.* 6, 1858.

THE movements in the leading kinds of Breadstuffs have been restricted. Flour has been in pretty fair demand, but Grain has been lightly dealt in. Holders now ask prices above the views of the leading buyers; hence the latter are less inclined to operate....Cotton has attracted less attention at irregular figures....Provisions have been more sought after. Hog Products are dearer. Beef has declined....A fair inquiry has prevailed for Groceries, Hay, Spirits Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Malaga Raisins, Scotch Pig Iron, Tallow, Whisky, and Wool....A moderate business has been transacted in desirable fabrics, such as the Southern, near-by, clothing trades require, at satisfactory prices. Cottons, Silks, and Linens are not pressed on the market. Woolens are also less freely offered. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $1,368,280 against $544,506 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $55,670,929 against $88,629,537 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.

Freights were quiet. For Liverpool—Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 5d. @ 6d. per bushel; Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first quality Beeves, per pound	$ 5	@	$ 9¾
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	7 50
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were well supplied, at generally low prices. The demand was moderate.

The following Extracts from a few of many Testimonials giving evidence of the efficiency of

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

OR COUGH LOZENGES,

may be read with interest by PUBLIC SPEAKERS, SINGERS, and others, requiring the same article.

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years. — "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your Troches are pre-eminently the best, and the first of the great Lozenge School."

From Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D., New York. — "I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purposes, and recommend their use to Public Speakers."

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutger's Female Institute, New York. — "I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches."

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in the prices of our
SPLENDID WINTER BONNETS,
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has been resolved upon in order to sweep off the entire stock
BEFORE THE NEW YEAR.

The razee also extends to Ladies' Winter HEAD-DRESSES and Misses' and Boys' HATS and FLATS. The Stock is scarcely
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